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THE FRONT PAGE

BY a vote of 207 to 12 the British House of Commons the other day passed a bill "for the suppression of ugliness," as it was described by one of its advocates. By this measure every municipality in town and country will be able to regulate or suppress the poster or bill-board nuisance, and it will not be possible for a man who owns a piece of land to rent to some vandal the right to erect thereon a huge sign that will disfigure the landscape and grieve the souls of other residents and passing travellers. Mr. William Redmond in supporting the bill stated that he bitterly resented being reminded, when enjoying a beautiful prospect of lake or glen, that he was the unhappy proprietor of a liver that needed pills. Such reminders were all right in their proper time and place, but he did not want them when he was looking at the lakes of Killarney or the tumbling waters of Niagara.

The destroyers of scenery need to be looked after in this country. Although something has been done to restrain the advertisement painters who would quite ruin the grandeur of Niagara if permitted, yet the signs that mar the scenery at and near the great cataract are an international disgrace. Along the lake shore west of Toronto and in many directions and at many places, beautiful stretches of scenery are marred if not utterly damaged by crass bill-boards advertising a pill, or a soap, or a breakfast food or some other thing that should not be thrust on a traveller's notice at such a time or place.

Mr. Redmond says that he bitterly resents being reminded of the imperfections of his liver while contemplating the majesty of Niagara. The point I wish to make is, that in such matters, the feelings expressed by Mr. Redmond are almost universal, and in an age when advertising is a business of the highest importance, and when experts are employed at large salaries to plan publicity campaigns, it should not be necessary to remind anybody that an advertisement which arouses a feeling of resentment in the minds of all who see it, cannot be considered a good advertisement. When a beautiful piece of scenery has placed a spell on a traveller and there suddenly confronts him a huge sign advising him to take a liver cure, or resort to a certain brand of soap, or to eat a particular breakfast food he feels that an injury has been done him as an individual and that the people responsible for that sign, in such a place, are soulless vandals with whom he will have nothing to do. If he knew that his liver were perishing he would not succor it with that medicine. He will not have a soap, nor a breakfast food, nor any other commodity, forced on him by violence—and these signs that mar the beauties of nature, do violence to the sight-seer and are meant to startle him and sear certain words on his memory. The sign-board may succeed in this, but it does not impress him favorably; instead he conceives a prejudice against the sign and all that it stands for. In some persons this prejudice is clearly felt, in others it is almost unconscious, but it is, to some extent, aroused in all.

In the higher grades of advertising it is a recognized principle that the advertiser must ingratiate himself with the public—hence the fine art work that we see in catalogues, in circulars, in the monthly magazines and in the best weeklies. So, too, great care is exercised in the writing of advertisements, that they may not offend good taste, but will arrest and hold attention. It is incomprehensible, therefore, that you will sometimes find the in the best publications, and yet resorting to the most rule same firm using excellent judgment in their advertisements and barbaric devices to promote trade by sticking up huge signs that deface nature and offend good taste. The explanation of it often is, that a firm's periodical advertising is in the hands of experts while the open air screams are emitted by some untutored person who "knows a good spot to stick a sign, where everybody will see it." The question as to what people will think of it when they do see it is not considered.

A LOT of insincere people gathered from many countries are having an enjoyable outing at The Hague just now. They are talking of universal peace, and the representative of each nation tries to outdo all others present in advocating peace while at the same time subscribing to nothing that will in any way hamper his own nation in its desire to be ready for war. Universal peace is a fine thing to advocate but a rather hopeless thing to expect. At the last conference Russia and Great Britain were foremost in peace talk, yet in the interval both nations have passed through great wars.

It is not for these delegates to say that wars shall cease, and it is probable that few, if any of them, desire to say it. The first families in the various nations of Europe hold their social supremacy and derive much of their income from the maintenance of armies and navies. Were perpetual peace assured, the war vessels turned over to the merchant service, the armies disbanded, the aristocracy deprived of the sustenance obtained from the military budgets, the whole social system of Europe would be in the melting pot. But there is so much talk of peace, there is so much merit in peace, that no nation can refuse to participate in the humbug of sending delegates to The Hague to discuss a disarmament that all but the very weakest among nations would even go to war to prevent.

Peace is a peoples' question, not a ruler's. War is the sport of emperors, and since the beginning, it has been the only profession elegant enough and honorable enough to engage the enthusiasm of aristocracies. If war is to cease the signal will have to be given by the peasant, not by the king nor by any who ride in his train. In short, there will be no more wars when the people will do no more fighting, and it will take a few more generations of

careful dieting to get out of men's blood the red corpuscles that tingle at the prospect of a fight.

Before the neighboring Republic formally entered upon the war with Spain nearly the whole people arose, shouting defiance; from hundreds of pulpits clergymen stirred up the spirit of war until the red flame of it ran across the land like a fire on a prairie. We have seen something of it in Canada. When bugles sounded one morning in 1885 in Toronto thousands rushed to the drill sheds to enlist for service in the Riel rebellion. When regiments were being raised here for service against the Boers, where one volunteer was wanted five crowded forward

neither the first Douma nor the second suited him at all. In the Parliament that he had just dismissed, there were, in a membership of five hundred or so, some sixty men who advanced views that the Czar would not accept to the Czar. Although ordered to desist they kept on introducing legislation that the Czar and the Grand Dukes did not want. It is true the Douma rejected these measures and voted down the "Opposition," but was a Czar to be flouted in any such way? So he wiped out the whole Douma, and ordered a new election, restricting the franchise so as to exclude such classes of voters as had made trouble for him, and disfranchising such districts as had

diction tells us the next day that he is recovering from his illness very rapidly and will soon make an important public announcement and resume his political campaign.

Between these conflicting reports what are we to believe? This much we may rely on, Mr. Chamberlain will not recover from the disease of old age—he cannot escape his years. He is too old a man to return to hard work after having been down and out for two years. It is not likely that he will again take part in affairs.

There is among Chamberlainites a sort of superstitious faith that their leader is immortal—that no defeat can overthrow him, no disease impair his powers and no death

remove him. They appear to believe that his retirement is temporary and politic and that he will reappear at the opportune moment—this man of nearly four-score years—and sweep across England leading the forces of a new fiscal policy. When a report circulates that Mr. Chamberlain is very infirm, it is not believed, but is denounced as a story arising from the malice of those opposed to his political views. Yet the facts are against these idolators. It is impossible to doubt any longer that Mr. Chamberlain's day is done, or he would have been heard from in some notable way when the colonial premiers were gathered in London.

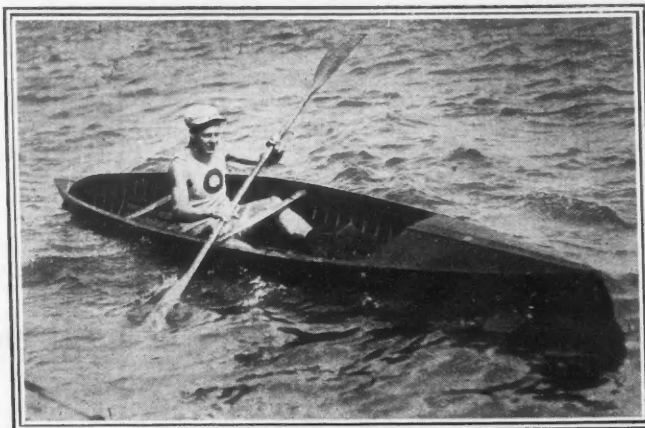
PERHAPS an incubator in which delicate children prematurely born can be cared for, is a useful modern invention. But if it be a useful invention, surely the place for it is in one of the hospitals and not at Scarboro Beach Park, where thousands of young people in Toronto go daily in quest of fun and excitement. Two babies have died in the incubator at this great centre of sport and merriment. Here other poor little mortals live or struggle for life under the eyes of curious and often jesting—and not always delicately jesting—sightseers. The whole thing jars on the sensibilities of every normal person, and the authorities should suppress it. There should be enough sport for merry-makers without making a peep-show of dying infants.

LORD DUNDONALD has resigned from the British army, and states by way of explanation that since he left Canada after his dispute with the Canadian Government he has received no appointment of any kind. As no use was being made of his services he withdrew them.

It is amusing to observe how this piece of news is treated by the party newspapers in Canada. The Conservative papers are recalling the Dundonald incident as a struggle between an honorable soldier and a wicked Government at Ottawa, while the Liberal papers recall it as a struggle between a strong Canadian Government and a professional soldier who was trying to carry militarism too far. No doubt the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes. Lord Dundonald was very popular in Canada, and his ability as a military man was held in high respect by officers of the militia, but it might as well be admitted, at this date, that he placed himself at the disposal of unwise counsellors when he took on a quarrel with the militia department. That was the one thing that he should not have done. In doing that he destroyed all his other work and made impossible all that he aimed to do. Not only so, but the strife, of which he became the centre, led to the abolition of the office which he held. It is not very surprising, then, that the British army has left him without an appointment, for he failed, if not as a soldier, as a man of tact and judgment. He misunderstood the country he was in; he seemed to think that the "army" here and a few society people were so influential that he could quarrel with the Minister of Militia and win out. But in this country the lesson was learned long ago that a responsible minister must boss the job.

AN indignant citizen has sent me a bunch of correspondence and circular letters received by him from "The Canadian Newspaper Association, L. H. Krigbaum, secretary, Mail and Empire Building, Toronto." He says he has received four letters from these people, and wants to know why the newspapers have not the courage to show up the concern. About a dozen persons in Montreal and Toronto, on receiving letters from this firm, have forwarded them on to me with a request that I should let them know the standing of "The Canadian Newspaper Association" and the aims and objects of the National Alumni. Several weeks ago I stated in these columns that a personal enquiry at all the daily newspaper offices in Toronto failed at that time to elicit any information whatever about this so-called Canadian Newspaper Association that it appeared to have no connection with the newspapers, but that its name and title seemed to have been chosen solely because it looked like a good name with which to interest people, and that those doing business under that name were merely using new methods by which to do a rushing trade as book agents.

These people are selling a set of history books, and the work may be good one. But they say nothing about books in the letters they send to business men. A man gets a personal letter, apparently from newspaper men, and sent from the Mail building, telling him that for the purpose of calling his attention "to a great historical undertaking, the National Alumni, an association of educators, representing the great colleges and universities of the World, desires through us to present to you absolutely without cost or condition, a certificate of membership in their Department of Historical Research." That sounds pretty well, but what is this Department of Historical Research? The letter proceeds: "The object and work of this Department is to simplify the question of making every historical subject accessible to the busy business man, the student and the casual reader." There is nothing wrong with that, even if it should turn out later that the way they propose to do this is by selling you a set of books of



Charlie Riddy, Toronto Canoe Club.



Kipp, Livingstone, McNicol and Nasmith.

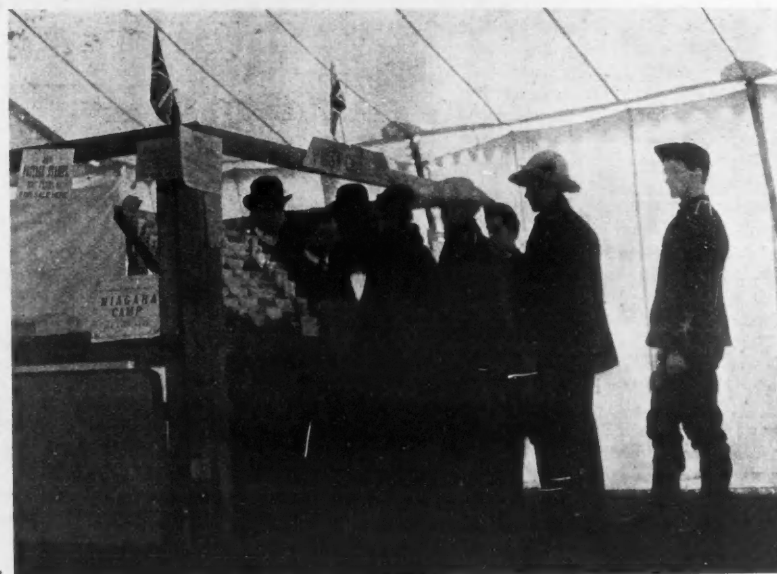
CRACK TORONTO CANOEISTS



LADLING OUT SOUP.
RED MEN FROM
THE INDIAN RESERVE



LETTERS FROM HOME.
THE POST OFFICE
AT NIAGARA CAMP



PICTURES FROM NIAGARA CAMP

disputing for the place. How can we account for this desire to go out to battle? It is found among the Zulus just as it is found among the mechanics of Toronto and the farm boys of Ontario. When we talk of universal peace we must reckon with this universal instinct to seize club, spear or rifle and rush to battle without very well knowing or caring why—except that the welfare or honor of the clan seems to call for it. In Toronto on Pretoria night we saw the mad intoxication of a people whose life interests have always been remote from war. A man's intellect disapproves of war, but his blood warms at the name of it. Few men among us are as tame as they look. Man is the easiest of all animals to catch, cage and teach tricks to; but in him undying, are the instincts of the wild life.

WHAT a strange idea the Czar of Russia has of the nature of a Parliament! He granted to the people a representative legislative body, but the first Douma was dissolved after a short session and a second elected. Now the second has been dismissed arbitrarily and another election ordered on an entirely new plan which includes a gerrymander of all Russia. Nicholas wants a Parliament, but he knows what kind of a Parliament he wants, and

sent the wicked sixty to the Douma. The members who had "opposed the ministry" were ordered to be arrested on the charge of treason. Perfectly simple this method of getting the kind of Parliament the Czar wants.

But when a Parliament gets root it usually grows into such an institution as the country needs. Both England and France passed through periods similar to the present in Russia—indeed, it comes in all countries, and sooner or later must end in the development of such a Parliament as no royal person can admire. The Czar might better have introduced reforms in Russia and got the credit for it. By the course he is pursuing reforms will be, or will seem to be, wrung from him by terrorists, agitators, and the pressure of the people.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is an old man in the seventies and he had a breakdown two or three years ago that put a period to his public life. In the case of almost any other politician in England no mystery would have surrounded the ill old man who could no longer lead in the foray or preside in council. But the state of Chamberlain's health has been the subject of all kinds of rumors. When the cable tells us one day that he is grown old and will never again appear publicly a cabled contra-

history. "We have taken the liberty," continues the letter, "of provisionally enrolling your name, and will do so in perpetuity immediately upon receipt of the enclosed postal card properly filled out." This card is printed with blanks for your signature authorizing the enrolling of your name as a member of the "National Alumni Department of Historical Research" with a request from you that you receive particulars. It sounds big and alluring, but what does it mean? "The pamphlet enclosed," continues the letter, "in a small way explains the benefits and advantages of membership in this Department." But it doesn't. Nothing is explained. There is a folder enclosed and you gather that many prominent men in the land are in this Alumni Association and that you must speak quick or you will be too late.

The influential names used impress you. You probably send a reply, and when two men call on you they are cordially received, but you presently learn that they want to sell you a set of books. Then you either get angry, or you feel like a fool and buy the books as if you couldn't sign the order fast enough.

This is very smart book-selling. But there are several surprising things about it. One surprising feature of it is that the daily newspapers should permit this book-selling operation to be extensively conducted in the name of "The Canadian Newspaper Association" without making protest. Another surprising thing is that so many prominent citizens should permit their names to be used for weeks or months in connection with "A National Alumni," in widely circulated letters and circulars that explain nothing, but are intended to excite curiosity, these names serving as lures to attract all who receive them to place themselves at the disposal of professional book agents. Here is a list of names used along with the letter from which I have been quoting, and preceding the names are a few words from the letter:

"Among the representative Canadians who have enrolled and are now entitled to the privileges and advantages of the Department of Historical Research, are:

Certificate No.
60 R. L. Borden, M.P., Ottawa.
81 S. N. Parent, Chairman Trans-Con. Ry. Com.
15 Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence.
8 Sir William Van Horne, K.C.M.G., Montreal.
401 Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Attorney-General of New Brunswick.
3 The Right Honourable Earl Grey, G.C.M.G.
877 Hon. Jacques Bureau, Solicitor-General of Canada.
27 J. P. Downey, M.P., Prop. Herald Newspaper, Guelph.
868 The Right Rev. James C. McDonald, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown.
403 The Right Rev. Timothy Casey, Bishop of St. John.
71 Most Rev. Arthur Sweetman, D.D., Bishop of Toronto and Primate of all Canada.

All this is good book-selling, but is it a square deal to the "busy business men" who receive letters and lists of distinguished names, take the proposals made to them seriously, and then see little in it but a book-agent's ruse to get a cordial welcome instead of a cold rebuff?

WHEN one train goes over a bridge, or when one ship is wrecked, or when one man is struck by lightning, or when one large fire occurs—there are men who will tell you to watch the papers and you will soon find at least two other disasters of a similar kind recorded.

Just now one can scarcely pick up a daily newspaper without seeing in it an item telling about a clergyman who has gone wrong or who has placed himself in an "unfortunate" position. There appears to be a veritable outbreak of this kind of thing. A story comes from one of our smaller cities about a preacher having gone into business, and, stopping for a few days at a hotel, received a call from a brother of the cloth who was shocked to find that the wife who was with him was some other woman and of quite another sort. Another preacher is in deep trouble because he absent-mindedly picked up some postal cards in a department store, forgetting to pay for them. This might have happened to any absent-minded man, and his congregation has expressed unshaken faith in him. On Sunday morning last the pulpit of the Morrison street Methodist church in Niagara Falls was occupied by Dr. Justin Kerrah, a Syrian, who preached in behalf of the mission for lepers in Palestine, and was to have occupied the Baptist and Presbyterian pulpits also. But a newspaper reporter suspected that Kerrah was a man who had been asked by the Hamilton police to leave the city. Cross-examined, he admitted it, gave up the thirteen dollars collection he had secured at the morning service and moved over into the United States. Still another despatch announces that a grand jury in Illinois has brought in a true bill against a clergyman on whose premises were found moulds for the manufacture of counterfeit silver coins of all denominations. If this kind of thing keeps on it begins to look as if the person who has been appointed governor of Toronto jail may not be always so completely isolated from his brethren as the nature of his position would suggest.

In connection with these cases there are two points worth considering. One is that, perhaps, strangers find it too easy to get into some of our pulpits. The other is that the suggestion made by a speaker at one of the conferences may have much to recommend it—he said that when a man left the ministry to go into business he should be required to altogether discontinue the use of his reverend title. When a man retains his front as a clergyman and goes out selling wild-cat mining or land-boom shares for companies, whose advertisements even a worldly journal like SATURDAY NIGHT refuses to publish, the cause of religion and every other good interest suffers. There is no wolf in the world so conscienceless as the preacher who turns wolf and goes among the sheep in the guise of and with all the mannerisms of a lamb, but with the appetite and fangs of a wolf long unfed. There are men who rightly quit the ministry to occupy posts of greater usefulness, but there are others, and they get talked about a great deal.

IT is interesting to note, in connection with the recent suppression of "The Mikado" by the British Government, that the Japanese bands on the warships at Chatham played airs from that opera. A New York paper suggests that perhaps they did so to show that they understood Gilbert and Sullivan's humor better than the British themselves.

A DESPATCH from London says that during a thunderstorm a few days ago near Deal, lightning imprinted a perfect photograph of a vase of flowers on a mirror before which it stood. Several instances of photography by lightning are on record.

BY an estimate based on the new City Directory just issued, the population of Vancouver is placed at 70,000. The oriental population is variously estimated. There are said to be about 4,500 Chinese in Vancouver, and the number of Japanese at work there is placed at from 800 to 1,500. There are also 750 Hindoos. The Indian population is given as 100. The attendance of Japanese and Chinese children at the city schools is comparatively small.



Registrar—Lady's name, please? Nervous Young Man—Lydia Amelia Jones. Registrar—Spinster? Nervous Young Man—Oh no, sir; typewriter.—Tatler.

"Making Good."

SEE here, my man, in lieu of this long face. This making moan because you're bound to earth. Just bravely substitute a willingness. To do the daily task, and prove your worth.

Don't try to rend the heavens with your hands, Nor strive to conquer worlds as yet unknown. While failing to perceive the little things That must be done—that really are your own.

Do not assume some tragic pose, and vow (Forgetting there is needed bread to earn) Your soul soars far above the common clay, That God-ignited fires within you burn.

You're ill-advised to idly stand, and cry—"Why, 'tis unjust that I this part should play! Forsooth, I'm cast from vaster mould than this! My feet must follow some more wondrous way!"

Your kinship with the gods you'll sooner prove, If, laying hold of what lies nearest hand, You form it to the pattern of your mind—Obeying Life's inexorable demand.

Low aim is sin, 'tis said, not, having failed. A truth that is. But man must sight his strength. The while, at problems in proximity, Ere he can compass much in Life's short length.

When limitation scars you with its sweat, When genius scorns your claim of brotherhood, Take up the tiresome tasks that all must meet. And, doing each, you'll win by "making good."

IVAN L. WRIGHT.

THORNHILL, JUNE, '07.

Stories Told of the Geniuses of Music.

OF the musical geniuses who have delighted the world, probably more stories have been told of Mozart than any other. The biographies of this genius read like romances, so full are they of anecdotes of his marvellous precocity. When four years old he played minuets and learned music with facility; and at the age of six he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, which, though written strictly in accordance with the principles and technique of his art, was yet so overloaded with difficulties that it could not be played.

It is related that Mozart once happened to put off some music that he had been engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform.

The Emperor Joseph, who was of a curious turn, chanced to be in the composer's studio, when he asked "Where is your part? I do not see it among these sheets of music."

"Here," responded Mozart, touching his forehead.

Not all the great composers have courted the constant adulation of the world. Verdi used to lament that he was unable to find a refuge, even for a brief space, from the reputation that preceded him wherever he went.

At one time he desired to spend a much needed holiday at the watering place of Montecatini. When he arrived he found that in one of the apartments assigned to him stood a grand piano of noted make. On the rack, by way of compliment, lay the score of "Il Trovatore." As soon as he caught sight of it, the veteran flew into a rage, hastily locked the instrument, threw the score into a corner, and, calling for his host, demanded in tragic tones: "Lead me to the spot that overhangs the steepest precipice!"

Wondering the host did as he was bidden; and, on reaching the summit, the maestro, who was almost exhausted from fatigue, flung the key of the piano into the abyss, energetically exclaiming as he did so:

"Now I have done something to secure rest and quiet. On the day of my departure I shall send a locksmith to provide the piano with a new key; but while I am here I pray you let it remain as it is."

Among the most absent-minded of geniuses was the French composer Meilhac. On the occasion of the first presentation of one of his operas, Meilhac, in evening dress, entered a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the event of the evening, and nothing else.

A waiter brought him a menu. Meilhac, a man of very simple tastes in the matter of food, abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. Now, it chanced that this was the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was in consequence great commotion there. The proprietor himself was summoned, and he and the principal chef devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient, and another for another. Meanwhile, Meilhac waited, absorbed.

At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor, with a proud smile, stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited in front of

him, Meilhac regarded the dish with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.

"Certain, Monsieur Meilhac."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes—yes, monsieur; but—"

"Then kindly take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried eggs."

Berlioz, when at the Paris Conservatory, was an unruly pupil, composing when he should have been studying counterpoint. Consequently he was not in favor with his teachers, and especially with the precise and classical Cherubini, under whose direction he came.

One day Cherubini was running over a piece that Berlioz had submitted, when he came upon a complete rest of two measures.

"What's this?" growled the director.

"Mr. Director," said the pupil, "I wished to produce an effect that I thought could best be produced by silence."

Cherubini scowled. "You thought to produce a good effect upon the audience if you suppressed two measures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good," added Cherubini. "Suppress the rest; the effect will be better still."

Many stories are told of the jealousy and ill feeling among musicians; so it is refreshing to note that at least one genius did not fail in good-natured appreciation of a fellow-artist. It is related how Rossini, walking one day on the boulevard with the musician Braga, was greeted by Meyerbeer, who anxiously inquired after the health of his dear Rossini.

"Bad," answered the latter. "Frightful headaches; legs all wrong."

After a few minutes' conversation, Meyerbeer passed on, and Braga asked the great composer how it happened that he had suddenly become so unwell.

Smiling, Rossini reassured his friend. "Oh, I couldn't be better. I merely wanted to please Meyerbeer. He would so like to see me go to smash!"

ONE of the charges brought against the Japanese by the correspondents serving in the field with the Japanese armies during the late war with Russia was that the commanders of the Mikado's forces never allowed a correct list of the men lost by land and sea to go forth. Until recently outside nations have not known what was the loss to the island empire in terms of men slain in the land and naval engagements of the war, and now the true figures come out through a peculiar circumstance. Recently there was celebrated at the Yasukuni shrine in Tokio the third and last great ceremony in honor of the souls of the dead patriots of the war. Because the Emperor had decided that no man's soul shall be slighted because of politic paring down of the list of casualties the ceremony which took place on May 1 was all inclusive. It took in those to whom former honors were done, those that died of their wounds after the termination of the war and, by imperative order of the Emperor, those non-combatants who lost their lives in the discharge of their duties in both branches of the service. A total of the souls worshipped at the three ceremonies gives a complete toll of the war as far as the Japanese army and naval officers have been able to verify the records as 84,848. No complete list of the casualties suffered by the Russians has ever been published. One authority has it that the Russian dead and wounded during the war amounted to 388,500, but of this number he does not specify how many were killed.

CHIEF JUSTICE MULOCK has given a decision to the effect that a resident of Grimsby Park holding land on a 999-year lease can go and come to the park without being charged any fee by the Grimsby Park Co. There have been disputes in regard to this matter for years. It is announced that the defendants will appeal.

COLONEL SAM STEELE, who is in Canada again after serving for several years on the Constabulary in South Africa, was given a complimentary banquet at the Russell House, Ottawa, a few nights ago by men who had served under his command in the Strathcona Horse during the Boer war.

HAMILTON, Halifax and New Westminster are in the lead as the three cities in Canada where there is medical inspection of schools to see that the pupils are in good health and studying under right conditions. It is probable that the plan will be followed in Toronto.

COLLEGE students have earned money during the summer vacation by acting as waiters on steamers and at summer resort hotels, but it is stated that the hotel proprietors along the St. Lawrence have decided that students as a class are a little too gay for their work, smoke too many cigarettes and flirt too much with the girl guests. Mr. Crossman, of Alexandria Bay, is reported as saying that he has engaged fifty Swedes this year, and while they will not be as good-looking as the students, they will spill less soup down guests' necks and will give better satisfaction.

THE King Pao Metropolitan News, a newspaper published in Peking, China, has just celebrated the 500th anniversary of its existence. During these centuries it has not been a rare occurrence for the editorial staff to be beheaded in front of or even inside the editorial offices when the news which the paper printed displeased the court. There never has been a time, however, when persons could not be found who were willing to risk their lives by accepting the position of editor of The King Pao.

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A. E. Ames & Co.
LIMITED
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO



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share in the
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Electric Railway Bonds in
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4% allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and up
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8 Richmond St., E., Toronto
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

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Golf, tennis
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cleaned to
the satisfaction
of particular
people.
R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
401 and 701 Yonge St., 50 King St. W., 471
and 1204 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. East

APPROVED BY DOMINION
ANALYST.

Kops Ale and Stout differ from the
so-called temperance drinks in that
they are solid, nourishing, and stimu-
lating. Dr. Pyne, Dominion Analyst,
feels that as beverages they should be
very popular, as they are not only
exceedingly palatable, free from any
noxious ingredients, but from a
temperance standpoint are almost
free from alcohol, being very much
below the legal allowable alcohol
contents for a non-intoxicant beverage.
Kops Ale and Stout have been
before the people of England for
over thirty years, but they are just
now being introduced into Canada by
Kyle & Hooper, 27 Front street east.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



SIR SANDFORD FLEMING
OTTAWA

TORONTO, JUNE 20, '07.
THE local money situation has had no
relief in point of stringency, and
funds are even more difficult to get than
at any former period. The banks really
cannot supply their regular customers,
and the outlook at present is that this
state of things is likely to continue all
summer. It was predicted some time
ago that June and July would see an
easier money market, but there is no
let up in the demand even in this hot
spell of weather. Just what situation
the banks are in may be gathered from
the fact that since the beginning of the year, according
to a leading banker, there has been a reduction of about
\$16,000,000 in deposits, while loans have increased fully
\$38,000,000, which means that there has been \$54,000,000
which the banks have been obliged to provide. If there
are many failures before next fall it will be due very
largely to over-prosperity, the banks not being able to at-
tend to the requirements of manufacturers and merchants.

The navigation and traction companies are now doing a
large business. This is due in a measure to
Tractions. The management of these
companies talk hopefully of the season's
trade, but for all that there is no incentive to buy the se-
curities of these concerns. It is useless to expect brokers
to buy them except as investments. There are no funds
to be had except from private capitalists. Many stocks
will return 6 to 8 per cent. as investments but at these
bargain prices securities remain lifeless. It is many years
since our stock market was as stagnant as at present. The
Toronto Railway Co. did a very large business in May in
spite of the fact that portions of the road were unavailable
for traffic owing to improvements and the laying down of
new rails. For that month the gross earnings were \$279,-
773, an increase of \$31,241 over May, 1906. For the five
months of the year the earnings were \$1,293,357, an in-
crease of \$133,516. The stock, however, is exceedingly
dull around 102, notwithstanding dividends of 6 per cent.
per annum are paid. The Winnipeg Electric has increased
dividends to 8 per cent. per annum, or 2 per cent. quar-
terly. Last year 6 1/2 was paid and the previous year
5 per cent. The stock sold this week at 170. Its high
record is 205, when the stock was on a 5 per cent. basis.

Mr. Frederic Nicholls, who had been abroad a couple of
months in the interests of his electric com-
panies, has returned. Speaking of the Elec-
trical Development Co. of Ontario, he said:
"As soon as construction is completed—
which will be during the current year—the earning ca-
pacity will be sufficient to meet all the fixed charges, and
with the prospective future demand, the income of the
company should show a material and steady increase. The
Toronto Railway Company uses the Niagara power ex-
clusively. The Toronto Electric Light Company at present
uses Niagara power for about half of its output, but
early in the autumn, when the balance of its power-re-
ceiving machinery is installed, the company will wholly
rely on current transmitted from Niagara and permanently
discard its steam plant. Although these two companies
now require a very large quantity of power, we anticipate
that their requirements in this respect will rapidly in-
crease. The Canada Foundry Company has contracted
for additional requirements up to 1,000 horse-power. The
Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway Company
has also contracted with the Electrical Development Com-
pany for increased power requirements up to about 1,000
horse-power.

There was no particular interest attached to the annual
meeting of the Toronto Stock Exchange on
Tuesday. A favorable report on the finances
was adopted, and the officers for the year
were selected. Mr. A. P. Burritt, who was
an efficient president the past year, was re-elected to the
same position for another year. Mr. J. O. Buchanan
was elected to the vice-presidency, Mr. W. H. Brouse was
made secretary and Mr. F. Gordon Osler treasurer. The
committee is composed of the following gentlemen:
Messrs. W. Murray Alexander, H. R. O'Hara and Edward
Cronyn. The auditors are Messrs. J. K. Niven and J.
Ewart Osborne.

The report of the Bank of France for 1906 very naturally
calls attention to the extraordinary activity
of trade throughout the world during the
Great Business year. Especially it dwells upon the scarcity
and dearth of money, and states that the
demand upon London for gold for abroad was so great
that the Bank of France felt it had a double duty to per-
form—namely, to insure to the home and the foreign mar-
kets the necessary supplies to prevent such an advance in
the exchanges as could not fail to react upon France, and
to avoid at the same time favoring speculation. It at-
tained both its objects by adopting a new policy, which,
so far, it believes to have been justified by the event. It
discounted English paper, thereby supplying gold to the
market which would have the greatest influence upon the
course of events, and, consequently, would most benefit
France. In consequence partly of this action, and partly
of the increased activity of business in France itself, there
has during the year been a considerable decrease in the
holdings of the precious metals. At the end of December,
1905, the cash held amounted to 3,935,500,000 francs, equal
to £157,420,000. At the end of 1906 it had fallen to 3,-
665,400,000 francs, or £146,616,000, showing a decrease of
270,100,000 francs, or £10,804,000. The gross profits for
the year amounted to 50,442,051 francs, or £2,017,628, to
which was to be added various sums, raising the total to
62,777,799 francs, or £2,511,112. The dividend is payable
to 9,565 shareholders in Paris holding 91,751 shares, and
at the branches to 19,542 shareholders holding 90,749
shares. It will be seen that the shares of the Bank of
France are widely placed over the Republic. But though
the number of shareholders in the provinces is about twice
the number in Paris, the holdings in Paris slightly exceed
those in the provinces.

The tightness of money is being felt in
Hamilton. It is stated that
that city is unable to place
half a million of debentures
on the market, and in con-
sequence is obliged to negotiate a tem-
porary loan in the Old Country. The
statement is also made that one of the
banks has had to refuse a \$150,000
loan at 10 per cent. on gilt-edged col-
lateral. The immense sums being spent
by the railways, and the fact that loans
to manufacturers have doubled in four
years, are assigned as the chief reasons
for the money stringency. Unless relief comes soon by
the entrance of foreign capital, it is predicted that many
small business concerns throughout the country will be
forced to the wall.

In the big centres the tendency is towards higher rates
for money. The exports of gold from New
York since the present movement began now
amounts to about \$15,000,000, but these ex-
ports are not likely to go much further, as
finance bills for grain and cotton exports are likely to be
negotiated before long. Another reason for the firmer
rates for money in New York is due to preparations for
the July disbursements of interest and dividends. Bank
reserves are also low for this time of year. The last state-
ment of the United States National Banks, May 20, gave
loans and discounts at \$4,631,000,000, or an increase of
\$425,000,000 over the corresponding date of a year ago.
Deposits and cash holdings show a satisfactory gain,
nevertheless the expansion in loans must be considered
excessive. Abroad the money situation is also somewhat
unsatisfactory owing to the great demand for new capital.

Mr. Hill's remarks as to the ruined credit of the United
States railroads, and the logical sequel to it,
seemed to strike most people as very much
beside the mark. One comment rather gener-
ally made was that, if the \$800,000,000 borrowed by the
railways in the past six months had been used, as Mr.
Hill alleged, merely to pay off old debts, then it is high
time that corporations should begin to practice the policy
of spending money after they have got it, and not before.
There is no doubt something to say in excuse for making
expenditures which cannot be met on the instant by a fifty-
year bond issue. Bridges and railway stations may be re-
quired immediately; track or equipment may be demanded
for particularly urgent uses which could not have been
foreseen a few months ago; and it may not be feasible
to put out securities at the moment. Such a situation is
easily conceivable, and every railway financier knows how
to meet it. But, when we are told, by perhaps the fore-
most authority in the railway industry, that \$800,000,000
had been spent before it was raised, instances of the sort
referred to will not do for explanation.

The death of Mr. John Mather of Ottawa last week has
elicited from the daily press of both Eastern
and Western Canada many eulogies of the
high type of citizenship which he repre-
sented. Mr. Mather, as so many of our
financial and industrial leaders have been, was a Scotch-
man, sagacious and far-seeing. He was a poor boy, and
his first work was that of a ship carpenter. Half a cen-
tury or so ago he entered the lumber business in the Ot-
tawa district. He was remarkably energetic, and became
manager of the great Gilmour lumber business. He over-
hauled the office system of that concern with such effect
that when Mr. Allan Gilmour died he bequeathed him
\$50,000. About thirty years ago Mr. Mather went to the
West and founded lumbering and flour-milling enterprises
at the Lake of the Woods. He had great faith in the
future of Western Canada, and did much to bring about
the great development now in progress there. Eighteen
years ago he was made a director of the Manitoba Free
Press Company, and five years later he became its presi-
dent, a position he held at the time of his death. He was
also a director of the Bank of Ottawa, as well as being
manager of the Keewatin Lumber Company.

Mr. Mather is described by those who knew him best
as having been not only a shrewd, many-sided man with
widespread interests, but a model citizen as well, kindly,
honorable, and public-spirited. He never entered politics,
however, although opportunities for so doing were not
lacking. At Confederation he declined a senatorship, and
later refused to accept the same honor at the hands of Sir
John Macdonald.

"How fast can a man sign his name?" is a question the
New York, New Haven and Hartford Rail-
road people may ask themselves more than
once before the bonds of the French loan of
\$29,000,000 are finally distributed. The issue
will require 580,000 personally written signatures, and the
affixing of 290,000 seals. Although the signature of Presi-
dent Charles E. Mellen must appear on each bond, the
task of personally executing it is too much for him to
undertake, and its fac-simile has been engraved in the
space provided for that purpose. The assistant secretary
of the company does not escape so easily. His signature
must appear on each bond in ink, as must also that of the
cashier of the bank which acts as registrar of the bonds.

In case of such large issues it is necessary to divide
the work of affixing signatures among a number of trusted
clerks who are temporarily honored with the necessary
titles. Whether the time is coming when financial men
will no longer insist on such written signatures is a matter
on which most bankers are unwilling to commit them-
selves.

The recent fifty million loan of the Pennsylvania, and
the present New Haven one, are examples of name signing
that may ultimately lead to less exacting requirements. If
it were customary to affix to coupons personally written
signatures instead of engraved ones, the New Haven issue,
which has thirty coupons to each bond, would necessitate
8,700,000 additional inscriptions.


The printing of such securities is done with rigid care.
The American Bank Note Company, which made both the
Pennsylvania and the New Haven bonds, employs a sys-



BANK OF HAMILTON
SAVINGS
ACCOUNTS
INVITED
INTEREST PAID
QUARTERLY
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
34 Yonge Street Cor. Yonge and Gould
Cor. Queen and Spadina Cor. College and Ossington
Toronto Junction

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
credits interest on Savings Accounts
QUARTERLY.
OFFICES IN TORONTO:
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA
DIVIDEND No. 6
Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one
per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of
this Bank and that the same will be payable at the head office
and branches on and after Tuesday, the 2nd day of July next.
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th
June, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board, G. de C. O'GRADY,
Toronto, 28th May, 1907. General Manager.



Dominion Express
Money Orders
Safe - Convenient - Economical
Payment is guaranteed and a prompt refund will be made, or a new order issued
without extra charge, if order is lost, stolen or delayed in transit.
Payable at par in over 30,000 places in Canada, United States, Newfoundland,
West Indies, Central and South America, Hawaii, Philippines and the Yukon.
FOREIGN CHEQUES
issued in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Lire, etc., payable in all commercial countries of
the world at current rates.
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200, with equivalents in Foreign Money
printed on each cheque. They are self-identifying and payable everywhere.
Superior to Letters of Credit.
Agencies throughout Canada
Toronto Main Office, 48 Yonge St.
Numerous branch agencies in Drug Stores,
etc., convenient to business and residential
districts, open early and late.

The Metropolitan Bank
Capital Paid Up Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,000,000.00
\$1,153,713.23
Every Department of Banking Con- Accounts of Individuals, Firms and
ducted with the Utmost Care. Corporations Solicited.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
\$1.00 opens an account. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded
four times a year.
No Delay in Withdrawal. Satisfaction and Security Guaranteed.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Single Fare
FOR
Dominion Day

Between all stations on the Grand Trunk
Railway System in Canada.
Tickets good going June 28, 29, 30
and July 1st, 1907. Valid returning from
destination on or before Tuesday, July
2nd, 1907.
For further information, tickets, etc.,
call at Grand Trunk City office, north-
west corner of King and Yonge Sts.

tem of scrutiny that traces the min-
utest detail of manufacture. From
the time the paper leaves the mill
until the finished bonds are delivered,
every step is watched. No eloquence
yet devised will enable an employee
to explain a discrepancy between the
number of sheets of paper given him
to handle, and the number he returns.

The sheets in the New Haven issue
were counted about sixteen million
times during manufacture. All told
there were about 290,000 bonds, each
of a denomination of 500 francs.
This required the engraving of about
114 plates weighing 2,000 pounds, and
the printing of 4,350,000 separate im-
pressions. Including coupons, there
were 18,270,000 numbers placed in the
bonds.

ATLANTIC CITY 15 DAY EX-
CURSION
Via Lehigh Valley R. R. Friday,
June 28th, tickets only \$9.00 round
trip from Suspension Bridge, stop-
over allowed at Philadelphia. For
tickets and particulars call 54 King
St. East.

**Trains
TO
MUSKOKA
OVER
CANADIAN
PACIFIC**
Direct Line, Start Running
SATURDAY, JUNE 22

Lakeland Limited
Fast express, daily, except Sunday,
leaves Toronto 11:30 a.m., arrives
Bala 3:00 p.m. Parlor cars, dining
car and coaches.
Connects at Bala with Muskoka
Nav. Co.'s steamers for all points on
the lakes.

Local Expresses
Leave Toronto 9:00 a.m., arrive Bala
1:17 p.m.; leave Toronto 4:50 p.m.,
arrive Bala 8:10 p.m.; both daily ex-
cept Sunday.

Sunrise Express
This train starts Saturday, June 29th.
Leaves Toronto 2:30 a.m. daily ex-
cept Monday (passengers can board
sleeper at 10 p.m.), arrives Bala 6:10
a.m. Through sleepers Pittsburgh,
Buffalo and Toronto to Bala.

Equally Good Service
Southbound

DOMINION DAY
Return Tickets at Single Fare
Good going Friday, Saturday, Sun-
day and Monday, June 28, 29, 30
and July 1, returning until and on Tues-
day, July 2, between all stations.
Tickets, berth reservations and full
information at C.P.R. City Ticket
Office, corner King and Yonge Sts.,
phone Main 6589.

IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Paid-Up \$4,800,000.00
Rest - \$4,800,000.00

Branches in Toronto:

HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET
AND LEADER LANE
YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS
KING AND BLOOR STREETS
KING AND YORK STREETS
WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS
KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE

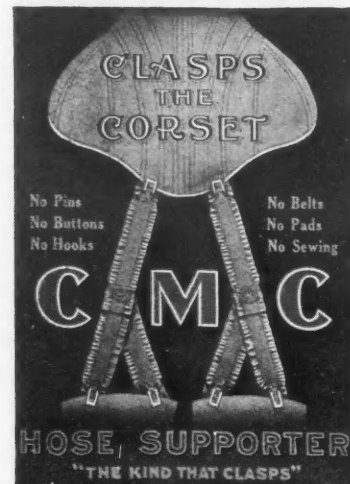
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Interest allowed on deposits.

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Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
Apply Manager, Montreal



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No Pins
No Buttons
No Hooks

No Belts
No Pads
No Sewing

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HOSE, SUPPORTER
"THE KIND THAT CLASPS"

A PERFECT SUPPORTER

Endorsed by
Leading Physicians
Physical Culturists
Ladies of Fashion.

Like all other good things
there are imitations.
**LOOK FOR
C. M. C.
on every clasp.**

C.H. WESTWOOD & CO.
LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO

MINNIE H. BROWN
Teacher of High-Class Ceramics
Studio—Room 8, above Petersen's
Art Rooms.
382 Yonge Street, - Toronto



Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co. Limited
447 Yonge St., Toronto

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Optometrists

Those beautiful thin curved lenses we supply in all their different combinations.
Prompt and efficient service.

CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.
M. 4558, 6 Richmond St. East

The Summer Suit

It's just the time that you need the best fitting and most neat appearance. We tailor suits that are models of the best style and fit, and we can help you in choosing what will be most appropriate for the summer season.

S. H. FERGUSON
280 College Street.

Social and Personal

THE regatta and at home at the Argonaut Rowing Club held recently was one of the best seen for some years. The water was perfect for the races, and the finishes were close and well contested. The sight of the four eight-oar crews gamely struggling for the lead, the thirty-two brawny scullers doing their best, the four little megaphoned coxswains calling directions, encouragement, warnings, the crowds of summer girls fluttering like butterflies on the roof and stretching pretty heads over the balcony rail, the summer boys bawling, cheering and laughing as the winners shot past, sundry oldtimers chuckling over the finish and telling stories of what had been and prophesying of what will be, with equal faith and hopefulness, all combined with the fair, sunny weather to make a bright, gay scene. There was dancing between each race, and sundry raids on the old Gym, which had been lined with a big marquee, giving a very charming effect. The refreshments were exceedingly good, and were nicely served, and the daddies of the club, Mr. Mackay and Mr. Galt, Mr. Merrick and Mr. Eastmair, were doing gallant stunts, without end, between their glimpses of the races, taking numberless ladies in for tea and ice cream, dancing or telling stories, as their tastes inclined. Mr. J. A. M. Alley and his dainty little wife, in white muslin and lace, with Miss Ruth Alley, a not-out, Mrs. A. R. Denison and Miss Cecile, Miss Mona Murray, a picture in pink, Miss Eileen Kirkland, a graceful brunette, a fair girl in the quaintest little bonnet and prettiest pink gown and shoes, was a picture fair to see. Miss Maudslowi, Miss Webster and Miss Crawford, three girls who came out last fall, were as joyous and energetic in the dance as if it were the first of the season. Miss Florence Bell, another of last winter's debutantes, looked very pretty, and yet another, Miss Olive Sheppard, was dainty in muslin embroidered. Miss Armour brought a fair guest and a sweet debutante was Miss Muriel Boehme. Miss Kathleen Gordon wore a light frock and long white coat, Miss Florence Phillips a pretty muslin and flower-trimmed hat, Miss Edith Holland looked lovely in white, Miss Isobel Ryerson wore black, Miss Sanky was stunning in a white gown and hat with roses, Miss Norma Armstrong wore a velvet skirt and light blouse, Miss Isobel Robertson looked very well, as did also those two bright beauties, Miss Marjorie Cochrane and Miss Gertie Parsons. Miss Ida Monahan, Miss Nina Foster, Miss Foy were other popular girls present, and the men were actually "too numerous to mention." Mrs. Arthur R. Denison and Mrs. Eastmair were asked to present the prizes and the Sears medals to the winners. Everyone missed "Uncle George Sears," who is down the St. Lawrence at his summer residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait and Miss Tait will arrive shortly from England to visit Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn before returning to Australia.

Among the guests registered at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, last week were: Mrs. J. M. Macdonald, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. McCourt, Miss McCourt, Glasgow, Scotland; Mr. F. S. Barnwell and the Misses Barnwell, Stirlingshire, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jenks, Wolverhampton, England; Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. Harold Macdonald, Mr. Frank Harrison, Miss Gertrude Foy, Miss Marie Foy, Miss Pauline Foy, Miss Amy Rutherford, Mr. O. Kleiser, Mr. A. S. Davies, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Toronto; Miss Viola Gordon, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. S. Gamble, Manchester, England; Mrs. R. Cassels, Mrs. A. W. Anglin, Mrs. Humphrey Anger, Mrs. Falconbridge, Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Webster, Mr. C. V. Masey, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark and Miss Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Miss Falconbridge, Captain D. D. Young, Mr. W. R. Brock, Toronto.

Count and Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere entertained informally at dinner recently in honor of Professor and Mrs. Davidson of Madison avenue. Professor Squair, who is shortly leaving for a vacation, was one of the guests, and only the language of the hosts was heard at the jolly little dinner. The two professors are lovers of French, and fluent in its use.

Monsieur Le Baron de Champ is in France spending some time at Lyons. Professor Lang will spend the vacation abroad. Colonel Stinson sailed for England this week. Mr. George Tate Blackstock is in England on business.

Mrs. Becher, of Sylvan Tower, is not yet able to be downstairs, though she has been sitting up for a short while several times.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Heyd of 418 Sherbourne street are sailing June 29 for Hamburg, Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bell of Chatham are to take up their residence in Toronto shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Warwick of 407 Markham street have left for a two months' trip to the coast and Southern States.

Miss Kathleen O'Hara, who has returned to Canada from New York for the summer, is staying at present with her aunt, Miss Mary O'Hara, of 50 St. George street.

A lady who has travelled most extensively was heard to remark as she left Government House lawn on Wednesday of last week, that she never, in any open air fête anywhere, had seen so many beautiful hats. A quite fascinating little pale blue chapeau was worn by Mrs. Colin Campbell, who is looking the picture of happiness and being greeted with much pleasure since her return from England. Japanese Consul Nosse of Ottawa accompanied the Prince, and was at the garden party, where a number of the Toronto consuls were present, some of them with their wives, Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddyth and Miss Bolte being most becomingly gowned. Mrs. Bristol was with Mrs. Bolte, and wore a very stunning gown of hand-painted white chiffon in a dashing design. Mrs. Bolte was in white. Mrs. John Brodie was an interested guest at the tea. Colonel and Mrs. McLean came in about five, Mrs. Geary was with her son, Alderman Geary; Professor Baker was among the guests, Miss Wynnum looked very nice in palest blue silk. Dr. MacLennan was there, and so were Mr. Cockshutt, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mr. Armour, Mr. Harry Grubbe, Miss Frankie Thompson, Miss Helen Law, Miss Sinclair, Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young, Miss Margaret Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, the Misses McGaw, Dr. and Mrs. Thistle, Hon. Senator Cox, Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. and

the Misses Sankey, Mr. James Crowther, Lady Mulock, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mr. Lorne Becher, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Captain and Mrs. Burns, Dr. and Mrs. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Deeks, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Captain and Mrs. Catto, Miss Sinclair, the Misses Foster, Mrs. Monk, the Misses Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Le Mesurier, Miss Foy and Miss Webster, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Chief Justice Moss, Miss Gertrude Foy, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis, Mrs. and Miss Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Tate announce the engagement of their daughter, Edna Margaret, to Mr. T. Frederick Holliday. The marriage will take place very quietly on July 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayne D. Hamilton have arrived from Vancouver, and will take up their residence here. Mr. Hamilton has been promoted to the head office staff of the Bank of Commerce.

Mrs. G. M. Evans of Markham street announces the engagement of her daughter, Florence May, to Thomas R. Hughes of this city, the marriage to take place on June 26.

The marriage of Miss Edith Gourlay, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Gourlay, and Dr. William T. Hamilton of High River, Alta., son of Rev. Dr. Hamilton of Stratford, took place on Saturday, June 15, at two o'clock in Old St. Andrew's church. The officiating clergy were Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., Rev. Dr. Turnbull, and Rev. Dr. Hamilton, father of the groom, who pronounced the benediction. Miss Gourlay was brought in by her father, and wore a beautiful Paris gown of lace with *repousse* design in flowers, and vandykes of tucked lace set above the flounce, mounted on double skirts of chiffon over taffeta, fashioned *en princesse*, and becoming the tall young bride perfectly. The bridal wreath was of lily of the valley, and the tulle veil was worn off the face. The bouquet was of roses, with showers of lily of the valley and green. A gold flower brooch studded with whole pearls, the gift of the groom, completed the bride's costume. Miss Alice Thompson was maid of honor in white *point d'esprit*, with white lace hat and plumes, and bouquet of crinon roses. She wore the souvenir gift from the groom of a jeweled heart encircling a crown. Two charming little fair-haired curly-locks, Miss Aileen Ferguson, daughter of Dr. Ferguson, and Miss Margaret Hamilton, niece of the groom, were flower girls, in white embroidered muslin frocks, blue sashes and hair bow and carrying baskets of white lilies. Their gold bracelets were the gift of the groom. Dr. Whaley of Thornton, an old college friend of the groom, was best man, and Mr. Herbert Breckenridge and Mr. Albert Gourlay, brother of the bride, were ushers. The church was beautifully decorated for the wedding, and Mrs. F. W. Hodgetts sang two fine solos. A reception at 514 Jarvis street followed the ceremony, when Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton received in a lower of palms arched with white lilac in the drawing-room. The refreshments were arranged in the dining room, with the balcony enclosed with awnings as an extra room, and the whole lit with many fairy lights and gas. The table was decorated with pink sweet peas and the bride's cake with lily of the valley. Rev. Malcolm MacGregor proposed the health of the bride and groom. The Nicolai orchestra played during the afternoon, and the house was redolent of the perfume of lovely flowers. The wedding gifts included a fine piano, a grandfather's clock and some fine pictures, beside the usual imposing array of silver, china, crystal and brass. Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton have been on a short honeymoon in the States and Canada, and will be here for a few days next week before leaving for their western home. The bride travelled in a cedar brown Tuscan silk costume, with brown hat, trimmed with shaded brown and green poppies and velvet ribbons. Mrs. Gourlay, mother of the bride, wore a black Chantilly lace gown with black lace and fancy straw hat with plumes and carried white roses.

Many friends and all of the gay party at the Queen's Royal were shocked and distressed to hear of the sudden illness of Mrs. W. D. Otter, who was stricken with a slight paralysis on Monday at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. Otter never looked better than on Sunday, and her illness was totally unexpected. At time of writing she was doing as well as could be expected, but her indisposition naturally impaired the happiness of many at the festivities of camp week.

Mrs. Clarence Whitney is entertaining Mr. J. Stitt Wilson of California, who lectures here for several days. On the afternoon of June 21 Mr. Wilson gave a parlor lecture at Mrs. Whitney's on "The Functioning of the Double Consciousness."

The engagement of Mr. Mark Holton and Miss Vera Shambrook is a bit of Hamilton news that interests many Toronto friends.

This evening Miss Brenda Smellie will give a vocal recital in Conservatory Music Hall. Mr. R. S. Pigott, her teacher, assisted by the Ladies' Trio, will give "The Lady of Shalott," one of his best recitations.

Last Thursday evening at eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson and Miss Macdonald received for the last time at St. Margaret's College, and prize giving took place there yesterday afternoon at two-thirty. I hear Mr. and Mrs. Dickson have bought the Jaffray homestead in Bloor east for the new college, and that it will soon be there located.

The graduation exercises of the Toronto School of Nurses at the General Hospital last week was a very successful and delightful event, and the garden tea under the trees a very happy closing. Dr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Sniveley were assisted in looking after the guests by a crowd of friends, doctors, nurses, and non-professionals. The weather was perfect, the refreshments also, and the guests enjoyed the charming tea to the utmost. A big marquee with plentiful stores of ices, cake, tea and sandwiches was pitched on the west lawn, and the fullest justice was done them by all. The sweet nurses who had just finished their hard three years' training looked just a bit thin and tired, whereas the fresh comers were the picture of joyous health and strength. It was said on the lawn that the working hours of the nurses' day are far too many, and that even "from seven to seven" is sometimes exceeded. If so, it's small wonder the plump rosy girls are pale and thin when their graduating day comes!

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KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

TO King's College, Windsor, N.S., belongs the honor of being not only the oldest university in the Dominion, but in the whole Empire outside Great Britain. Codrington College, Barbados, founded by General Codrington in the reign of William III., it is true, antedates kings by nearly a century, but it was not chartered as a university until well into the nineteenth century. The charter of King's College was granted by George III. in 1802, but the work of the university as a university began in 1789, when its erection was commenced agreeable to an Act passed two years before by the provincial legislature. During this period of twelve or thirteen years before the granting of the royal charter a large number of students attended the college, many of whom had passed through the Grammar school, founded two years earlier by Bishop Inglis. This school is still in existence. Some of these earlier graduates subsequently became eminent in church and state. From the granting of the royal charter until about the middle of the last century the college was governed by a board composed of the chief provincial officials, the chief justice, the attorney-general, the governor, the bishop, etc. The Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed patron, and the statutes of the University of Oxford were adopted, with a few necessary modifications. This board was succeeded by one elected by the alumni, with the bishop of the two dioceses as members ex officio, and president and vice-president. The present board of governors is a much more popular body, a considerable portion being elected by the rural deaneries, and the two synods. During the nineteenth century some eight hundred persons graduated at King's, a large proportion of whom were clergymen. Among the more distinguished graduates were Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), General Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, Sir William Winniett, Attorney-General Stuart, Bishop Souter and others, who attained to eminence in the province and elsewhere. No less than four attempts have been made to amalgamate King's with Dalhousie College in Halifax, the first having been made by Lord Dalhousie himself, the founder of the college named after him, in 1824, and the last a few years ago. All these movements have been defeated, however, by the friends of the college, and the institution still remains on its ancient foundation, and the list on this continent of four colleges so named: King's College, New York, now Columbia; King's College, Toronto, and King's College, Fredericton, now the University of New Brunswick. The building itself, one of the most venerable and interesting in English-speaking Canada, is beautifully situated on a gently rising ground about a mile from the old historic town of Windsor, anciently known as Piziquid.



REV. W. J. BOULDEN
President King's College



KING'S COLLEGE

It is surrounded by magnificent elms, and commands a fine view of an old settled and highly cultivated country, with a background of forest-clad hills. In appearance the building is of wood, but it is almost entirely constructed of undressed stone, and is boarded over for the sake of warmth and dryness in the old Dutch-American fashion. It consists of three stories and is divided into three "bays," middle, north and "radical." The residential system has always been closely followed in King's, and the students nearly all live in the building under the customs and usages of Oxford. The college also possesses a fine stone chapel, where daily service is held, and a stone convocation hall. Its grounds extend over some thirty acres, a large portion of which are finely timbered.

Of late years determined efforts have been put forth by the friends of the college to infuse new life into it. An additional divinity professor has been appointed, funds are now being raised for the appointment of a professor in pure science, and for strengthening the law faculty at St. John, N.B. A legacy of \$50,000 from the late Lord Haliburton of England, himself a native of Windsor and a son of Judge Haliburton, has been recently announced, and will no doubt greatly stimulate the "forward movement."

The president of the college, Rev. Charles John Boul-

den, who was appointed last year, is a son of Rev. J. Boulden, headmaster of Dane Hill School, Kent, England. Born in 1858, he was educated at his father's school, then took a three years' mathematical course at King's College, London, after which he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, on a three years' scholarship. In 1882 he took mathematical honors, obtaining a place among the "senior optimes." He received his theological training at the Cambridge Clergy Training School. In 1886 he was appointed to a mathematical mastership in the great public school of Rossall, where he remained until 1893, when he came to Toronto as curate of St. James' Cathedral. A few years later he founded "St. Alban's School" at Brockville, Ont., which he carried on with great success for eleven years, and handed it over to a successor. He was appointed to King's College in August, 1906. Under the influence of his magnetic personality, tireless energy and marked business ability, the prospects of the college have greatly brightened, and the outlook is most encouraging for a very largely increased attendance next autumn.

R. F. D.

When Life Was Little Valued.

THE 223 capital offenses which the old English law recognized as punishable by death did not keep down crime; and with the abolition of the death penalty for all crimes but murder, crime in England, as well as everywhere else all over the world where the death penalty has been modified, lessened markedly, notes the Boston Traveler. Edmund Burke said that he could, in his time, obtain the assent of the House of Commons to any bill carrying death punishment. In Burke's day all classes of the community endeavored, with success, to have offenses which injured them made subject to the extreme penalty. It would be difficult to-day even to imagine a list of 223 crimes which could be classed as misdemeanors, and this number in England, a century ago, was not altogether a legacy from the dark ages, because 156 of them were of later date than the reign of the Georges.

A man's life was not very valuable in those days. If he scratched his name on Westminster bridge; if he wore a wig or false moustache or other disguise on a public road; if he cut down a young tree; if he stole property worth more than a dollar and a quarter; if he had been transported for crime and returned a day ahead of the expiration of his punishment; if he wrote a threatening letter; if he stole a hide from a tanner's; for any and all of these things, and for two hundred more than these, he was hanged by the neck until he was dead. The problem of crime was solved in those days by putting the criminal to death on the theory that there was no hope of regenerating a felon, and while he lived his influence would spread and corrupt the community. It was better, therefore, for his own sake as well as that of society, that he should be dead.

As late as ninety years ago there were at one time in London fifty-eight persons, one of them a child under ten years of age, under sentence of death.

The death of the widow of President McKinley is only a tardy departure from life of one for whom life ceased long ago to hold any meaning, says The Argonaut. Long before Mr. McKinley became President the mind of his wife had become all but vacant. The death of her two children was a tragedy so profound as to overwhelm a mentality in which the gentler virtues always held dominance. Grief which a stronger spirit would have cast off overbore her mind in early womanhood, leaving her ever after a broken reed. Gentleness, amiability, sweetness—these qualities survived and won affection for one who amid a career of extraordinary social elevation was oblivious to what went on about her and who to-day could rarely recall the friend of yesterday.

In what consists the fascination of the West? With its towns and cities possessing all the rawness and disadvantages of new communities, with its treeless prairies and far horizons, which give the newcomer an aching sense of loneliness, what is the grip which sooner or later the country exerts upon the vast majority of those who find their way to its broad-rolling plains? Undoubtedly the fascination which sooner or later the West exerts over all who come within the circle of its influence is that same formative process to which we have just referred. The West is "in the making," and for the average man there exists no greater delight than that afforded by filling the role of creator. It matters not to how slight an extent. Here, amid the desolate, wind-driven wastes of but a few years ago, a nation is growing up; villages and towns and cities are being born as by magic, and who of us is there that does not feel that he is taking part in the great work and thrill accordingly? Godlike, man likes to look upon the work of his hands and to feel that it is good. That is true of the child making houses of sand; it is true also of the man to whom it is given to have a share in the building of a nation—Regina Leader.

King Carlos has conferred the title of baron on A. Patterson, manager in Portugal of the business of the Standard Oil Company, in recognition of his personal efforts to develop commercial relations between Portugal and the United States. This unprecedented honor to Mr. Patterson is commented on with great interest by the members of the diplomatic corps in Lisbon.

Man has always fallen upward, says Elbert Hubbard, and when he has kicked the ball, it has always been toward the goal.

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to 8 p.m.; light lunches hot and
cold served from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Dates
for Ballroom Banquets can be had by
calling up Park 905.

Our Apple Fritters are served from 2
to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday only.
P. V. Meyer, Proprietress.

The season is in full swing at
Scarboro Beach, the city's new amuse-
ment park, and large crowds have
been attracted there during the past
week. A miniature circus held in the
open air is one of the features.

Young Canadians Serving the King

LX.



CAPTAIN J. J. B. FARLEY,
North Staffordshire Regiment. Graduate R.M.C.,
Kingston, 1893.

Social and Personal.

MR. MACKENZIE of Benvenuto and his daugh-
ters are home from England. Mrs. Mackenzie
and her sons, Rod and Joe, went to New York
to meet the home-comers, and have returned
to Toronto. Mr. D. D. Mann also went down
to Gotham on June 7.

A very dashing and beautiful girl, Miss Strathy of
Montreal, was the guest in whose honor Mrs. MacMahon
gave an informal tea last week to a number of the young
set and a few matrons. The hostess was assisted by
Mrs. Vincent Greene and Mrs. Hal Osler, who presided
over tea and coffee trays at the beautiful mahogany table
in the dining-room, where many silver bowls and other
dainty receptacles held bunches of huge daisies. Miss
Strathy was quite lovely in a smart gown and pretty hat
with pink roses. The many voices and laughter of the
young guests showed that they were thoroughly enjoying
themselves, and their gaiety was infectious among their
married friends, who were few in number, but immensely
fetching in their smartest summer fineries. Miss Strathy
has returned home.

Never has the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake,
looked so beautiful or been so popular as last week, when
every corner was filled with smart guests, most of whom
are remaining this week, being interested in military men
and their doings. The Minister of Militia and General
Lake were early arrivals this week. A lot of people brought
over their motors at the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Haas
arrived on Saturday and returned on Sunday, which was
a lovely day, though Mrs. Haas, suffering from nervous
headache, stayed over at St. Catharines and came home
by train. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie had their fine Fiat
car over, motoring to the Clifton Hotel for luncheon on
Sunday, with Mrs. Victor Cawthra and Lieutenant-Colonel
Stimson as their guests. Mr. Cawthra is among the
disciples of Isaac Walton, to whom the fates are kind, and
he brought back ten fine fish from a short angling hour
one morning. Major Helmer, Inspector of Musketry, was
at the Queen's Royal, and went on to Kingston on Mon-
day. Others from Toronto who spent more or less time
in the restful Niagara hotel were: Dr. and Mrs. Orr
Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Miss Mary Clark, Mr.
and Mrs. Britton Francis and Miss Lola Powell of Ottawa,
who were at the G.G.B.G. tea, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson,
Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Peuchen, Mrs. Millar, Mr. and
Mrs. G. Riddell, Mrs. McPherson, Miss Norton Beatty,
who was with the family party from Deancroft on the
Cleopatra, as were also Mr. and Miss Alexander of Bon
Accord. Some yachtsmen came over in time for the
dance on Saturday night, and the Misses Heward, who
are summering in Niagara, the Misses Keating, who were
at the Queen's Royal, Miss Thomas of Buffalo, who is
such a jolly hostess to the young set, her parents having
taken a house near the hotel, were also at the dance.

Mrs. Edward Jones, Mrs. Winn, Mr. Gordon Jones,
Miss Rowand, Miss Dora Rowand, Major and Mrs. Dun-
can Donald are among those who sailed on the Victorian
for England yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees have been down at James-
town, Va., on a short trip, visiting Old Point Comfort this
week.

Westbourne School held closing exercises on Thursday
evening in the Studio at eight o'clock.

Moulton College held closing exercises and a banquet
on Tuesday afternoon and evening. The students struck
me as more matured and conspicuously smarter in appear-
ance than the average maiden devoted to learning.

Westminster College will be *en fete* for graduation next
Monday evening at eight o'clock. The Principal and
Mrs. Gregory have sent out cards for an at home on that
date.

The marriage of Miss Marie Penelope Villiers Leith,
daughter of the late Alexander H. Leith of Ancaster, and
Mr. Alfred W. Hutchinson of Toronto, took place in St.
Simon's church, on Monday, at two o'clock, the rector
officiating. The bride was given away by her grandfather,
Mr. Henry Eddis, and attended by her sister, Eleanor, as
maid of honor, and four bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Smith,
Miss Ora Wright, Miss Jane Allan and Miss Zedie Watt.
Mr. Harold Marriott was best man, and Messrs. Joyce,
Victor Hutchinson, Lorne Campbell and Gerald Muntz
were ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held by
Mrs. Leith at her home in Roxborough street east. Mr.

and Mrs. Hutchinson have gone to Muskoka for their
honeymoon. They will reside in 3 La Plaza, Charles and
Jarvis streets.

Lady Edgar and the Misses Edgar are at Roach's
Point. Professor and Mrs. Pelham Edgar and Mrs. Wil-
kie of Edinburgh are Lady Edgar's guests. Dr. and
Mrs. Nicol have gone to Windermere for the summer.
Mrs. McMaster, who came up from New York, to attend
the Moulton College graduation festivities, was the guest
of Mrs. T. M. Harris, St. George street.

Society is disintegrating for the summer, and whole
families will shortly be making for their country homes.
The usual summer doings will be on in adjacent localities.
The Yacht Club will next Monday night be the scene of
the "house dinner," which will be well attended. On fine
afternoons this week the balconies have been crowded at
tea-time, and numbers of members have dined their friends
later on. The bowling fraternity has been busy on the
beautiful lawn, many old-timers turning up regularly for
their healthful sport, and the tennis devotees also being
every day on hand.

The summer island dances, which begin in July, are
being arranged, but the secretaries are as mum as oysters
about dates.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill sailed for Eng-
land last week. Miss Madge King Dodds was a handsome
visitor at Niagara-on-the-Lake at the week-end. Miss
Ethel Shepherd left on Tuesday for a sojourn in Paris,
where she will study during the summer. I hear that she
may take a short course with Jean de Reszke.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Merritt and the officers
of the Body Guard gave a pleasant tea on Saturday, a
huge tent being arranged on a clear spot on the edge of
the camp common and the band occupying a high knoll
near by. The day was perfect; the company of the gayest
and smartest, came trooping across the common in motors,
carriages and traps of all sorts, and very ready to enjoy
the cool "cup" and the excellent coffee and ices. This tea
was unique in one particular, there wasn't a drop of tea
at it. The tables were decorated with country flowers, and
the fine Beauty roses sent over from Toronto decorated
the ladies. Mrs. Van Straubenzee, the bride, being the
recipient of a generous gift of them from the host-in-chief.
A few of the guests were Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Nordheimer,
Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Lizars Smith,
Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, the Misses
Nordheimer of Glenelgh, the Misses Kerr of Rathnelly,
Mrs. and Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, Mr. and Mrs.
Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. and
Mrs. R. J. Christie, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Greville
Harston, Mr. Dan Cassels, Mr. Gerald Harston, Mr.
Salem, Mr. Albert and the Misses Nordheimer, Monsieur
Martin of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark and Miss
Mary Clark, Mrs. Alfred Wright, and *bien entendu*, a
great number of officers. The Misses Merritt assisted
their brother in receiving, and everyone seemed to enjoy
the occasion.

Mrs. G. P. Magann and Miss Langmuir returned from
Europe on Saturday.

Havergal College prize giving takes place next Tues-
day at three-thirty.

Mr. and Mrs. Beryl Stewart have gone to reside in
Montreal, where Mr. Stewart has accepted a fine position.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Reesor of Ottawa announce the
engagement of their daughter, Emily Bain, to Mr. Arthur
Gordon Lang of New York. The marriage will take place
early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock have gone to England, via New
York. Mrs. Mulock will pass her friend, Mrs. Thomas
Tait, on the ocean, as the latter, with her daughter, came
across this week.

The engagement of Miss Edna Hoodless of Hamilton
and Mr. Henry M. Bostwick of New York is announced.

The marriage of Miss Edith Anne Barker, youngest
daughter of Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., and Mr. Clarence
Hubert Pennefather of the United Empire Bank, Hamil-
ton, took place in St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, on June
15, Rev. Father Coty being the officiating priest, assisted
by Rev. Father Walsh. The church was prettily decorated
with palms and white flowers. Miss Barker's *robe des
noes* was of ivory satin, with court train and trimmings
of duchess lace. She wore a crown of orange blossoms
and tulle veil, and the bridal bouquet was of white roses.
Mr. Edgar Pennefather of Toronto was his brother's best
man, and the bride's attendants were her sisters, Miss
Barker and Miss Florence Barker, Miss Watkin of
Henley-on-Thames, and Miss Violet Watson. The brides-
maids wore green *crepe de soie* over white silk, green mo-
hair straw hats with white plumes, and carried bouquets
of daisies and ferns. The ushers were Messrs C. Barker,
Cyril Watson and R. Wylie. The bridal reception was
held at Bellevue, Mr. Barker's residence in John street,
after which Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather departed on their
bridal trip, the bride travelling in a cream Panama cloth
costume and leghorn hat trimmed with pink roses. Among
Toronto guests who went up for the wedding were Mrs.
Anglin, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Percy Scholfield, Miss Ruther-
ford and Miss Antonia E. Lyons.

Mr. Walter S. Andrews and his son Gordon left last
week for a holiday tour in England.

Among recent guests at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara
Falls, are: Mrs. Beckett, Mr. Edward Gurney, Mr. and
Mrs. Gordon Andrews, Mr. Langmuir, Mr. W. B. and Miss
Kingsmill, Mr. R. P. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie,
Miss Cecile and Miss Errol Nordheimer, Mr. Charles
Cambie, Miss and Miss Marjorie Arnoldi, Dr. and Miss
Millicent Jones, Miss Kerr of Rathnelly, Miss Nadine
Kerr, Mr. Sydney Fellowes, Mr. K. Macdougall, Mr. and
Mrs. Howland, Mr. Lennox, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. and
Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mr. and
Mrs. W. K. George, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mrs.
W. MacCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Osler, Major and
Mrs. Macdonald.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Smith, 177 Walmer Road, an-
nounce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Annie
McLachlin, to Mr. Lyman Root. The marriage will take
place very quietly the last week in June.



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raised figures on
Tray.

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Mahogany Man-
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height, 8-day
"Ryrie" move-
ment, striking
half hours and
hours on cathed-
ral gong.

AS the ideal
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bines usefulness
with beauty,

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bride.

\$10.00

A Personal Gift

French Bronze
Photo Frame,
cabinet size, gilt
mat, mounted
with four enam-
el shields, and
removable back.

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Cut Glass
Orange or Punch
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Of course it was not a problem to simply select diamonds to sell at
this price.

But to get them as "large" and "pure" as the ones finally obtained
every avenue of purchase had to be searched.

These values are easily 15 per cent. better than elsewhere in all Canada.

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In the Canadian Rockies

The Delights of a Trip Through the "Switzerland of America."

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK points out that Switzerland, a country with a population of 5,000,000 people, has no industries worth speaking of, and that it practically "lives on its scenery." Sir William, on his recent trip to the West, was much impressed by the scenic beauties of British Columbia, and by the immense possibilities of tourist trade there.

That Western Canada is a fair rival to epic Switzerland, worn old by the feet of centuries of beauty seekers, is a strange idea to many of our countrymen who are within comparatively easy access of it.

But there is a certain group of the human family which has its representatives in all times and countries, a group whose individuals have the pioneer spirit and who respond by instinct to the strange challenge of high places. These are "the mountain climbers," professional and amateur. To some of these who have written with enthusiastic sympathy we owe brilliant glimpses of the wonderland known as the Canadian Rockies.

One of the most adventurous of such spirits, who has also the gift of graphically communicating his impression is Mr. James Outram. In his book which grew out of his camping and climbing there, he presents a vivid picture which gives even a casual reader a thrill for "the heart of the Canadian Rockies."

He turns from a reminiscence of Switzerland to say: "But though its scenery is unchangingly beautiful and the familiar Alpine monarchs retain forever the affection of the mountaineer, yet his soul will crave—and rightly so—the chief joy of the climber's ambition, a 'first ascent.' He turns most naturally, therefore, to the great continent of America, where he expects to find plenty of new things and generally finds them on the largest scale. The United States, with its enormous area and limitless array of Nature's mightiest works and treasures, might well expect to possess some counterpart to Europe's pleasure-ground. But, hunt as we may amid the upland solitudes of Colorado's sea of lofty mountains, the noble peaks and canyons of the California Sierras, or the icy fastnesses of Mt. Shasta and the Cascade Range, the more closely they are studied, the more intrinsically are they found to differ from Switzerland. Each contains some of the splendid features that are all combined within the scanty limits of the little European Republic, but the wondrous glacial fields, the massing of majestic ranges, the striking individuality of each great peak, the forest areas, green pasture lands, clear lakes, and peaceful valleys are nowhere found harmoniously blended on the western continent until the traveller visits that section of the Rocky Mountains which lies within the wide domain of Canada.

"Following the Continental watershed from Colorado northward, the ranges of Montana begin to display the characteristic features which culminate in the Switzerland of the Western Hemisphere. The rounded or gabled summits here give place to broken pinnacles, precipices rise in frequent grandeur, enormous seas of ice sweep from the Alpine heights into the verdant heart of pine and spruce-clad valleys, gemmed with emerald and turquoise lakelets, and silvery waterfalls and sparkling rivulets unite in producing a series of absolutely perfect mountain pictures.

"Two variations from the European prototype are certainly conspicuous.

The one, that in this country of superlatives the ranges and peaks are multiplied tenfold. The area is vastly larger and the mountains are more closely packed together, but, as a consequence, the individual peaks, with some notable exceptions, are scarcely so strikingly characteristic as their Helvetian relatives. The other obvious difference lies in the wildness of the Rocky Mountain region. Except where the railroad, with its intruding wheel of civilization, has caused the springing up of one or two small hamlets and an occasional section-house, even along the highway of transcontinental traffic there is but little sight of man. The graceful chalet, the climbing herd of cattle, the musical tinkle of whose bells chime faintly through the distance, the sturdy toiling peasant, here are not. Nature alone holds sway, rugged and wild and beautiful. And yet the seeker of these temples of Nature, whether to worship from afar or to explore with strenuous foot the innermost recesses of the wooded valley or the topmost pinnacle of some white summit, whence a bewildering panorama of matchless mountain scenery is unfolded before his delighted gaze, need not endure a single privation or discomfort in his quest. In all the luxury of the modern sleeping car the traveler is rapidly transported into the very heart of the mountain world. Much of it may be enjoyed without passing from the sight and sound of the great railroad artery, where charming hotels and rustic chalets keep him in comfort during his stay and combine with the unsurpassed scenery to lengthen it to the utmost limit.

"But to view the grandest mountains and obtain the finest climbs, it is necessary to camp out for a short or long period, and as this mode of life is one of the most delightful of experiences, the necessity enhances the pleasure of one's holiday. It adds to all the varied charms of scenery a free and healthful life, long journeys through primeval forests, scented with the sweet fragrance of the balsam-fir.

Of Banff, Mr. Outram says: "Banff is a place for leisure rather than the strenuous life. Pleasant drives and rides and walks abound; the river invites laziness in a canoe, and many a delightful hour may be spent amongst the shallow lakes or threading the narrow waterways amidst the trees and bushes. Weird little Sundance Canyon, the wooded valley of the Spray, Lake Minnewanka, and various minor altitudes can easily be reached by trail, and the Hot Springs demand a visit and a swim in the warm aerated depths.

To Lake Louise Mr. Outram took a friend one day and heard from the friend the comment: "I have travelled in almost every country under heaven, yet I have never seen so perfect a picture in the vast gallery of Nature's masterpieces as you have brought me to this afternoon."

THE HAND BAG.

STYLES IN VOGUE THIS SEASON.

"A woman can be judged by the bag that she carries," some one has remarked. Whether this be true or not, the poorest may now even purchase these much coveted articles, and the wealthy have heeded Dame Fashion's decree and now have a hand bag to correspond with every costume.

The young and old alike use them, and there seems to be nearly as many styles of bags as there are people.

There is the woman shopper with her plain leather bag, the motorist with her automobile bag, the horse woman with her carriage bag, in fact there is a different bag for everything. Besides the never ending array of carriage, shopping, automobile, plain and fancy bags, are the thousand and one fancy bags of silk. Then it is surprising to see the exquisite bead work mounted on gilt and solid gold purse rings, and hand bags. But still more attractive than all are the beautiful patterns wrought into bags of various styles. They range from the old tapestry to gay court scenes, and one may have nearly any decoration desired.

And still they continue to come, these novelties in bags, until we wonder when the climax will be reached. A visit to the Leather Goods department of Ryrie Bros. will almost convince you that it has been reached now. Every variety of hand bag from the different parts of the world have found their way to Diamond Hall.

The leathers most in vogue this season are the Horn Back Alligator, Pin and Dull finish Seal, Calf Alligator, Sweed, Beaver, Calf and Walrus. These requisites of elegance and necessity vary as much in price as they do in style and the Ryrie establishment have them from \$2.50 up to \$35.00.

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Rooms with and without bath, single and en suite. Rates from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day; \$12.00 to \$17.50 per week. Several new cottages to rent. For information write to Lake Huron Hotel Co., Sarnia, Canada.

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NIAGARA FALLS CANADA



The Clifton Hotel

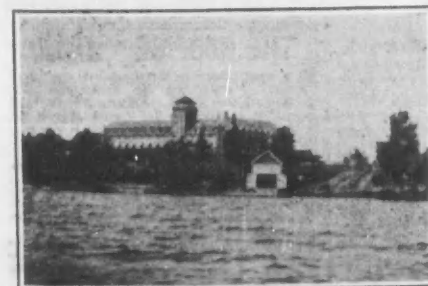
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Proprietor

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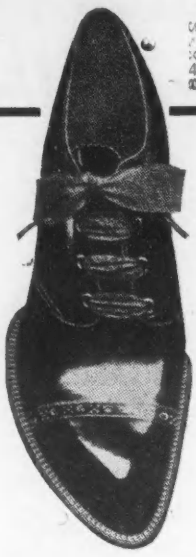
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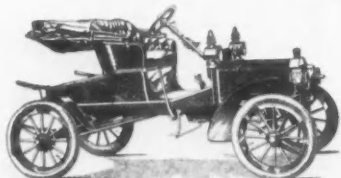
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strong--

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SPORTING COMMENT
ONE incident of the recent International Horse Show in London that was pleasing to Canadians generally and to us of Ontario in particular, was the success of the Hon. Adam Beck's entries, and the impression he made as a rider. Of late years, we have been coming to the front as breeders of show horses, but it was in the production of jumpers that Canadian breeders showed especial aptitude. A casual look over the list of the world's notable timber-toppers discloses the fact that quite a percentage were born and received their training in this country, and Mr. Beck's success in this department seems particularly appropriate. His entries had the cream of English and American millionaire-owned horses to compete against, and he was pitted against gentlemen riders to whom this sort of thing is a second nature. If this is his way of taking relaxation from his legislative cares, it is a good one, and his success must act as a stimulus to Canadian breeders with ambition.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, the apostle of the strenuous life, does not find his time hanging heavy on his hands these days; in fact he is busily engaged in countering and ducking a series of spiteful and vicious jabs, that are being aimed at him by certain writers whose fond regard he has alienated. And it happened in this wise. Chancing to write an article for a certain popular magazine, he took occasion to pay his respects to sundry writers on wild animals and kindred subjects. In his quiet disarming way, he intimated that not only were they wordy pillars of the most tiresome description, but untruthful as well, and were filling the minds of budding American childhood with rubbish and nonsense.

It is not to be supposed that the writers in question remained mute under this castigation. Not noticeably so. They arose as one man, and smote back. They gave signed interviews to the papers, wrote open letters, and heaped up evidence in rebuttal till the horizon was obscured. They impugned his motives, sneered at his knowledge of wild life, and scorned him as a ruthless slayer of harmless brutes. In the meantime, the moose in the forest and the open-face grizzly on the mountain, must be content to let the sad story of their lives wait a bit, while their biographers play the President.

Some men would have considered matters pro and con before placing themselves on record, but not so Mr. Roosevelt. He dearly loves a row, and probably expected his article would attract a little attention. If so, the results must exceed his most sanguine expectations. These second cousins to Nature are as touchy as a two-year old in fly time, and it doesn't require an awful lot to stir them up to a fine frenzy when their hobby is discussed.

There is also the item of revenue to be considered. Quite frequently, these authors have found their works included in the sacred list of the six best sellers, and to have a large determined-looking man invade the arena with a club, and batter gaping rents in their pet fancies, is something not to be borne with meekness.

While all this warfare is in progress, the unconscious subjects of it all, are going through the daily round of hunger and cold, comfort and plenty and sudden death that make up their lives. 'Tis a merry world, my masters!

THINGS are beginning to look up in regard to the Canada's Cup races. After a month of dark blue silence, Addison G. Hanan of New York, Hanan the famous, arrived in Rochester without previous intimation, and taking the defender, Seneca, just as she lay, sailed her over a triangular six-mile course in forty minutes, which is slipping along pretty smoothly.

The arrival of this clever skipper has given quite a filip to the hopes of the Rochester contingent. There is no doubt, they have a fine boat, but it is equally true that they have no local skipper in the same class as Jarvis, and nobody over here wants to see the cup on this side if the other fellow's boat doesn't get a fair chance to show what she can do. All that

money can do has been done. It is now a contest of wits, and we are not feeling nervous on that account.

ON Dominion Day the annual tennis match between Toronto and Buffalo will be played, eight men a side, on the grass courts of the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake. On the following day, July 2, will commence the general tournament for the inter-city tennis championship, with players from Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester and Syracuse competing. Entries in advance may be made in Toronto to Ralph Burns, 16 Wellington street east, or to E. S. Glasco, of Marshall, Spader & Co.

AN order in council has been passed providing that pursuant to the terms of the Ontario Game and Fisheries Act the hunting and killing of English or Mongolian pheasants be prohibited for three years from September, 1907. The purchase or sale of partridge, quail, snipe, and woodcock is prohibited for three years from September 15, 1907.

A SIGN of the times is found in the fact that the state of New Jersey is advertising her good roads as an inducement to automobilists to visit the state. They boast of roads that have been in use for one hundred years and have, at last reached a stage of smooth hardness scarcely to be found anywhere else in America. Sign boards, for the guidance of auto tourists, are set along the way and kept in good repair, while at intervals are ancient inns, that take pride in their age, in their old furniture and venerable plate.

This action on the part of New Jersey will be good news for automobilists who have been accustomed wherever they go to leave behind them huge clouds of dust and disgust, only broken here and there by gleams of fierce, red invective from the inhabitants. The new note from New Jersey hints of a time when the man in the horseless carriage will not be regarded as an enemy by all except his own people.

ON the morning of Dominion Day, this year, there will be held in Queen's Park, Toronto, an open air horse parade which should draw a very large crowd of people interested in horse flesh. The object of this parade is to improve the condition and treatment of commercial horses—the class of horses that do the world's work, and deserve better usage than they generally receive. Mr. Noel Marshall is president of the association carrying on this work, W. A. Young, M.D., is treasurer, and Mr. H. J. P. Good is secretary. Something like \$2,500 has been raised by subscription in order that suitable prizes may be awarded in each class, and forty-three classes of horses will be represented. Shows similar to this have been held in other places and have had an excellent influence on horse breeding and have induced owners to take an increased interest in their animals. Aside altogether from these considerations, the open air horse parade affords a spectacle well worth seeing.

RICHARD CROKER is thus described by The London Mail: "Except for a buttonhole of blue cornflowers—his racing colors—and a certain levity in gloves, Mr. Richard Croker in the unsaddling enclosure after the Derby, receiving congratulations on a memorable victory, rather suggested a square peg of parochial sobriety in a round hole of public rejoicing. An elderly man of medium height, impassive of feature, with close-cropped grey beard, black clothes and large black tie, he by no means realized the popular conception of an owner of a Derby winner. Anywhere else the ex-Tammany chieftain might easily have been mistaken for a primitive Methodist deacon getting an insight into racing life—except for those gloves."

MR. GEO. S. LYON, of Toronto, amateur golf champion of Canada, has added another to his string of titles by winning the championship of the Lower Lakes League, at Detroit last week. This league has been newly organized, and Mr. W. H. Blake, of Toronto, has been elected president for next year, when the tournament will be held on the links of the Toronto Golf Club. Among the cities included in the league are Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester and Toronto, in all of which places are strong clubs and individual players of front rank. When Champion Lyon had won the title for 1907 there were many present from Rochester and other places, who

thought that Mr. Curtis, of Rochester, could just about win from Mr. Lyon if they had another "go." This species of hallucination very often takes possession of strangers who see Mr. Lyon win a match, apparently because he makes two or three shots that his friends speak of as magnificent, while strangers describe them as fluky. In this case there seemed to be some ground for thinking that Mr. Curtis could hold Mr. Lyon in a second match, because Mr. Curtis had brought in a score of 73 in the medal round while Mr. Lyon came along with 75, both scores beating the previous record of the course. The friends of the two players, for Toronto men will usually back Mr. Lyon against anybody, pitched in and purchased two silver cups for a special contest, one to be awarded for match play, and the other for the medal score, and Curtis and Lyon went out to play followed by a large gathering. It was a good match, but the Canadian champion won out with a handy margin of 5 up and 4 to go, and in the medal score at the finish was three strokes to the good, making 77 against 80. Mr. Lyon, therefore, brought home not only the championship, but two special cups.

Sailing.

SAILING breezily on
Far from the jockeying fleet—
You at the sensitive helm,
I at the tugging sheet;
Swift as a bird on the wing,
As free and as unconfined,
Into the great unknown,
Leaving the world behind.

Whether the sea roll high,
And the clouds obscure the sun,
Or whether the sparkling wavelets
In the silvery sunbeams run;
Whether in stately ship,
Or in tremulous craft for two,
I would be happy, sailing
Forever and ever with you.
J. L. T.
Toronto, June, '07.

The Near-Nature School.

Have you conned o'er "The Yawp of the Wild"—
Jack Liverpool's latest hit?
For misinformation, 'tis said,
This novel is surely "it."
Have you read "The Club-footed Stag"?
By the great Mr. Driveler-Drool?
He follows a game that brings easy fame
In the somewhere near-nature school.

Don't bother to gather the facts,
When you're writing an animal yarn;
Make your grizzlies talk, if you will,
And your bobcats, when dying, say "darn!"
Make your rabbits with long, flowing tails,
Throw aside anatomical rule;
Be a law to yourself and you'll rake in the pelf
In the somewhere near-nature school.

Of the ways of the animal kind
What matter if knowledge you lack?
You can study at long, long range
From a workshop in Hackensack;
Let the old-time hunters say: "Bah!"
And scoff: "'Tis the work of a fool!"
Though all laws you're defying
There's money in lying
In the somewhere near-nature school.
—Denver Republican.

The possibility that the introduction of the taximeter may do away with the London cabby is recalling a number of instances of that individual's humor as vented on fares who offer a single shilling in payment for a ride just within the two-mile limit. "Are you quite sure you can spare this?" remarks the cabby. "D'y'e think you'll be able to rub along on the other n'eteen till Friday? It's go'n' the pace, y'know." "Thank yer, guv'nor," says another cabby, with apparent emotion; "thank yer kindly. Yer offer is well meant, but I couldn't go for to do it." Saying which he makes a pretence of handing the shilling back to the astonished fare. "But I can't sell him, guv'nor, an' that's a fact. Yer 'ansome hoffer'd made me rich for life; but I tell yer, I can't sell 'im." An excellent "cabbyism" was perpetrated in the suburbs one night. As the fare let himself into the house he was regaled somewhat as follows: "Go in quietly, sir, in case the old woman wakes up and 'ears me drivin' away. She might stop the rest of yer pocket money for this extravagance."

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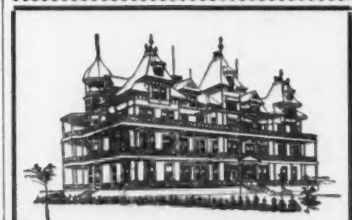
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Port Hope Ontario

CANADIANS ABROAD.

The Withrow-Stafford party left Thursday morning in private car for Tunisian en route for Europe. The party is considerably larger than that of last year, containing an increased number from Toronto. It includes Scotland, Dublin exposition, and the "grand tour" as far as Naples.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.**Hotel System****Caledonia Springs Hotel**

Midway between Ottawa and Montreal
The wonderful curative properties of these Springs have been proven for over 100 years, and in the opinion of many physicians surpass those of Carlsbad and Marienbad. For handsome booklet write Manager Caledonia Springs Hotel, Caledonia Springs, Ont.

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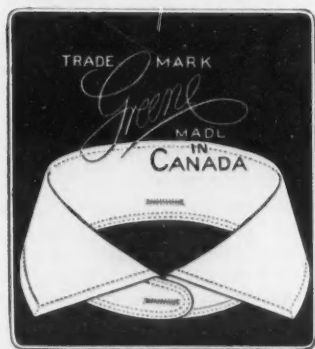
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A PASSION IN THE DESERT

THE PIONEER ANIMAL STORY

JUST as the popularity of "animal stories" seems to be reaching its height, President Roosevelt comes forward to declare that most of the writers of these tales are falsifiers of nature. In his downright way, he says: "I don't believe for a minute that some of these men who are writing nature stories and putting the word 'truth' prominently in their prefaces know the heart of the wild things." Mr. Roosevelt cites the Canadian writers, Ernest Thompson Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts as being among the offenders. He says they fail to make clear that some of their nature stories are fiction, not fact. He designates certain of Jack London's descriptions of animal life as "the very sublimity of absurdity," and calls William J. Long the worst "falsifier" of all. The latter refutes the charge with spirit.

In view of the heated controversy now in progress, SATURDAY NIGHT's readers will find it interesting to read the first animal story—the first of the class that endows wild creatures with passions, and to which a group of writers have given such wide vogue of late. The tale—a fascinating one—is by Balzac, the great French novelist. It is the story of a young soldier who was captured by Arabs during an expedition in upper Egypt. He escaped and fled alone into the desert. At nightfall he lay down to sleep in a cave, after barricading the entrance.

In the middle of the night his sleep was troubled by an extraordinary noise; he sat up, and the deep silence around allowed him to distinguish the alternative accents of a respiration whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature.

Presently the reflection of the moon descending on the horizon, lit up the den, rendering gradually visible and resplendent the spotted skin of a panther.

This lion of Egypt slept, curled up like a big dog, the peaceful possessor of a sumptuous niche at the gate of an hotel; its eyes opened for a moment and closed again; its face was turned towards the man. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the Frenchman's mind: first he thought of killing it with a bullet from his gun, but he saw there was not enough distance between them for him to take proper aim—the shot would miss the mark. And if it were to wake—the thought made his limbs rigid.

Twice he placed his hand on his scimitar, intending to cut off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting the stiff short hair compelled him to abandon this daring project. To miss would be to die for certain, he thought; he preferred the chances of fair fight, and made up his mind to wait till morning; the morning did not leave him long to wait.

He could now examine the panther at ease; its muzzle was smeared with blood.

"She's had a good dinner," he thought, without troubling himself as to whether her feast might have been on human flesh. "She won't be hungry when she gets up."

It was a female. The fur on her belly and flanks was glistening white; many small marks like velvet formed beautiful bracelets round her feet; her sinuous tail was also white, ending with black rings; the overpart of her dress, yellow like unburnished gold, very lissom and soft, had the characteristic blotches in the form of rosettes which distinguish the panther from every other feline species.

For a moment the courage of the soldier began to fail before this danger, though no doubt it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon charged with shell. Nevertheless, a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and sealed up the source of the cold sweat which sprang forth on his brow. Like men driven to bay, who defy death and offer their body to the smiter, so he, seeing in this merely tragic episode, resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"The day before yesterday the Arabs would have killed me perhaps," he said; so considering himself as good as dead already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his enemy's awakening.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned, showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed tongue, rough as a file.

"A regular petite maitresse," thought the Frenchman, seeing her roll herself about so softly and coquettishly. She licked off the blood which stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated gestures

full of pettiness. "All right, make a little toilet," the Frenchman said to himself, beginning to recover his gaiety with his courage; "we'll say good morning to each other presently," and he seized the small short dagger which he had taken from the Mangrains. At this moment the panther turned her head toward the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable lustre made him shudder, especially when the animal walked towards him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her come quite close to him; then with a movement both gentle and amorous, as though he were caressing the most beautiful of women, he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebrae which divided the panther's yellow back. The animal waved her tail voluptuously, and her eyes grew gentle; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this interested flattery, she gave forth one of those purrings by which our cats express their pleasure; but this murmur issued from a throat so powerful and so deep, that it resounded through the cave like the last vibrations of an organ in a church. The man, understanding the importance of his caresses, redoubled them in such a way as to surprise and stupefy his imperious courtesan. When he felt sure of having extinguished the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the day before, he got up to go out of the cave; the panther let him go out, but when he had reached the summit of the hill she sprang with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from twig to twig and rubbed herself against his legs, putting up her back after the manner of all the race of cats. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had softened a little, she gave vent to that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

"She is exacting," said the Frenchman, smiling. The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and manifested her delight by the tranquility of her attitude. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that to kill this savage princess with one blow he must poignard her in the throat.

"Ah, but when she's really hungry!" thought the Frenchman. In spite of the shudder this thought caused him, the soldier began to measure curiously the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most splendid specimens of its race. She was three feet high and four feet long without counting her tail; this powerful weapon, rounded like a cudgel, was nearly three feet long. The head, large as that of a lioness, was distinguished by a rare expression of refinement. The cold cruelty of a tiger was dominant, it was true, but there was also a vague resemblance to the face of a sensual woman. Indeed, the face of this solitary queen had something of the gaiety of a drunken Nero; she had satiated herself with blood, and she wanted to play.

The soldier tried if he might walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, observing everything, and every movement of her master. The man, keeping the dagger in one hand, thought to plunge it into the belly of the too confiding panther, but he was afraid that he would be immediately strangled in her last convulsive struggle; besides, he felt in his heart a sort of remorse which bid him respect a creature that had done him no harm. He seemed to have found a friend, in a boundless desert; half unconsciously he thought of his first sweetheart, whom he had nicknamed "Mignonne" by way of contrast, because she was so atrociously jealous, that all the time of their love he was in fear of the knife with which she had always threatened him.

This memory of his early days suggested to him the idea of making the young panther answer to this name, now that he began to admire with less terror her swiftness, suppleness, and softness. Towards the end of the day he had familiarized himself with his perilous position; he now almost liked the painfulness of it. At last his companion had got into the habit of looking up at him whenever he cried in a falsetto voice, "Mignonne."

At the setting of the sun Mignonne gave, several times running, a profound melancholy cry. "She's been well brought up," said the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers." But this mental joke only occurred to him when he noticed what a pacific attitude his companion remained in. "Come, ma petite blonde, I'll let you go to bed first," he said to her, counting on the activity of his own legs to run away as quick as possible, directly she was asleep, and seek another shelter for the night.

The soldier awaited with impatience the hour of his flight, and when it had arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that saw-like cry, more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah!" he said, "then she's taken a fancy to me; she has never met anyone before, and it is really quite flattering to have her first love." That instant the man fell into one of those movable quicksands so terrible to travellers and from which it is impossible to save oneself. Feeling himself caught, he gave a shriek of alarm; the panther seized him with her teeth by the collar, and, springing vigorously backwards, drew him as if by magic out of the whirling sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically; "we're bound together for life and death—but no jokes, mind!" and he retraced his steps.

This companionship permitted the Provencal to appreciate the sublime beauty of the desert; now that he had a living thing to think about, alternations of fear and quiet, and plenty to eat, his mind became filled with contrasts and his life began to be diversified.

At last he grew passionately fond of the panther; for some sort of affection was a necessity. He devoted the greater part of his time to sleep, but he was obliged to watch like a spider in its web that the moment of his deliverance might not escape him, if anyone should pass the line marked by the horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt to make a flag with, which he hung at the top of a palm tree whose foliage he had torn off. Taught by necessity, he found the means of keeping it spread out, by fastening it with little sticks; for the wind might not be blowing at the moment when the passing traveller was looking through the desert.

One day, in a bright mid-day sun, an enormous bird coursed through the air. The man left the panther to look at this new guest; but after waiting a moment the deserted sultana growled deeply. "My goodness! I do believe she's jealous," he cried, seeing her eyes become hard again; "the soul of Virginie has passed into her body, that's certain."

The eagle disappeared into the air, whilst the soldier admired the curved contour of the panther.

But there was such youth and grace in her form! she was beautiful as a woman! the blond fur of her robe mingled well with the delicate tints of faint white which marked her flanks. The profuse light cast down by the sun made this living gold, these russet markings, to burn in a way to give them an indefinable attraction.

The man and the panther looked at one another with a look full of meaning; the coquette quivered when she felt her friend stroke her head; her eyes flashed like lightning—then she shut them tightly.

"She has a soul," he said, looking at the stillness of this queen of the sands, golden like them, white like them, solitary and burning like them.

At last one day the tiger caught hold of his leg—gently, he supposed afterwards; but he, thinking she would devour him, plunged his dagger into her throat. And the soldiers who had seen his flag, and were come to his assistance, found him in tears.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

The young people are beginning to turn their thoughts homeward. An opportunity to go and see the old folks will present itself on Monday, June 28, when the Grand Trunk commences to issue tickets at single fare to all stations in Canada on their line. The tickets are valid returning until July 2, allowing you five full days on the old homestead. Secure your tickets at northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Mr. Gatheremin—I'm passionately fond of coin-collecting.

Miss Askitt (trying to be agreeable)—Indeed! Have you the Latin quarter of Paris?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Proud Father—My child is only a month old and he cries for the moon.

Proud Mother—Mine isn't a week old, and he cries for the milky way.

—Puck.



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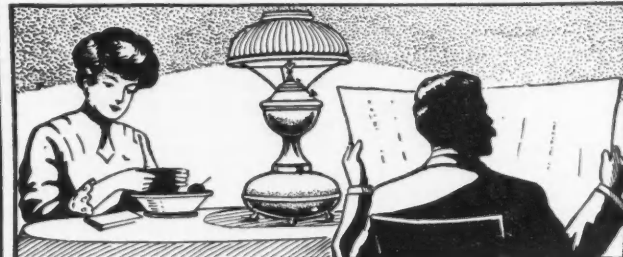
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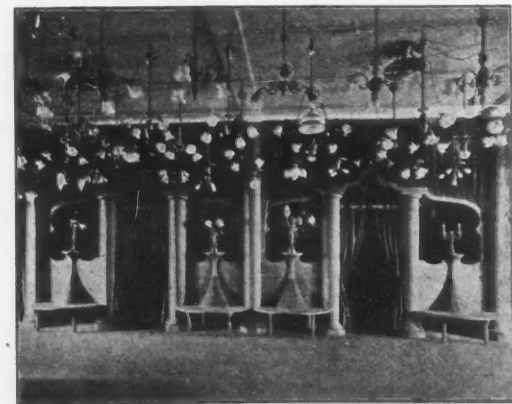
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19. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

A Mouse Story for Roosevelt.

THE Canadian poet and student of the psychology of animals, Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, has come back at President Roosevelt blandly in connection with his arraignment of the writers of the animal school. Roosevelt paid Mr. Roberts the doubtful comment of intimating that he was not always a liar, but said he did not believe one of his tales about a lynx and a pack of wolves. Roberts shows that Roosevelt is certainly not a naturalist, and was thinking not of Mr. Roberts' boyhood friends but of the western lynx, which is half the size of the New Brunswick variety and the western wolf, which is double the dimensions of his Maritime cousin.

If it is of any assistance to Mr. Roberts, Mr. Long, and the numerous other beast psychologists, the writer tenders an anecdote of a mouse related by a lady whose word, when she was alive, could be doubted by no one who knew her. Is it about as good an instance of almost human intelligence as one could select? The lady was spending a sleepless night with the demon neuralgia as a companion. Sitting up and trying to read she had grown so listless that the advent of a mouse did not produce the usual feminine panic. The little beast sized her up, and noting no aggressive intent, proceeded to investigate an old-fashioned mouse trap in the corner of the room. It was one of the round wooden kind with six round holes leading to the cheese and springs delicately adjusted from the top. The mouse daintily sprang on the trap and proceeded very daintily with one paw to try and spring the trap. No sooner had she gotten to work than a troop of little mice came out and commenced to nose foolishly about the trap. The mother jumped down and drove the tribe back to the wainscot nipping them like a dog with a flock of sheep. She resumed work and was three times interrupted, punishing the youngsters in the same way until they were persuaded to remain at home. Then she patiently completed her task, a squeak called the youngsters and the whole family enjoyed a hearty meal in the now harmless mechanism.

Honore Jaxon Used to be Willie Jackson.

SINCE the paragraph appeared on this page last week about Honore Joseph Jaxon, now of Chicago, but formerly a conspicuous figure in the Riel rebellion, three different correspondents have sent in additional and more accurate information concerning him.

The ex-rebel, it seems, was born in the town of Wingham, where he was known as Willie Jackson. He has since changed his name to "Honore Joseph Jaxon." He was not a half-breed, but was of thorough English blood, his grandfather on both his father's and his mother's side being clergymen, while his father kept store first at Stanley Mills, in Peel county, then at Wingham and later at Prince Albert, where he died. One correspondent tells me that Willie Jackson "was a brilliant undergraduate at Toronto University, taking honors and accepting a scholarship one or two years." But he left for Western Canada without finishing his course at "Varsity." After escaping to Chicago at the close of the rebellion, Jackson made improvements in his name, possibly with the object of making it sound more Frenchy, let his hair grow long and became the champion of many fads. The Welland Telegraph reminds me that when Coxey organized his famous army of unemployed to march on Washington, he gave a post of im-



portant command to Jaxon. He has once again attracted attention to himself by writing to President Roosevelt in defence of the miners on trial for murder in Boise City, Idaho.

When Jaxon Was a Prisoner.

ANOTHER correspondent, who signs his letter "Ex-Peeler," tells me that he was brought into contact with Jaxon at the time of the rebellion. He says that Jaxon always impressed strangers with his cleverness, as he "could quote nearly anything by the ream." But he says he never considered him quite sane, even before the rebellion. "When the steamer Northcote came down the river," says this correspondent, "with some of the C. School, she stopped on the south branch about twenty miles from Prince Albert and some of us drove over and took another boat, I forget the name, and the two boats went up to Batoche. Going back we took down the prisoners, Jaxon among them, and I was placed in charge. Jaxon was the dirtiest and crummiest of the lot and gave a good deal of trouble by his crazy antics. He aroused my temper. When we got off the boats four prisoners were placed in each wagon and, much to my disgust, Jaxon was given to me and insisted on climbing over the side of the wagon, although chained to another prisoner. By his conduct he got me so angry that I took a short grip of my rifle and threatened to crush his head in if he didn't keep quiet.

"Inspector White-Fraser, who was in command of the party, overheard my threat and coming up said: 'Now! now! that is no way to talk to a prisoner. Take the man quietly and he will be all right.'

"The inspector then started to talk to him in a fatherly way. He listened very seriously for some time, then reached out his hand and changed hats with the officer, placing his own filthy head-gear on Fraser's brow.

"The inspector hurried away and left me to handle my prisoners as I best could."

A Man Who Believed in Large Families.

THE late John Waldie, the millionaire lumber king, who passed away so suddenly of heart disease at Toronto last week, was almost as great a believer in large families as President Roosevelt and the late Queen Victoria. It will be remembered that Her Majesty used to reward with a bounty every British subject who gave birth to triplets. President Roosevelt's bounty takes the form of a letter of congratulation and a signed photograph. Mr. Waldie's enthusiasm took the substantial form of a cash gift for every child born in the families of his vast number of employees. When it is remembered that the town of Victoria Harbor was practically made up of his employees it will be realized what a decisive measure to prevent race suicide in one section of the country at least this benefice of his was. Recently by the purchase of the great Cook properties Mr. Waldie became possessed to all intents and purposes of the village of Spragge, in the Georgian Bay district, and had he survived it is said to have been his intention to carry out the same policy in that district. In comparison with some other classes of capitalists who employ large bodies of men, the lumber men of America bear a high reputation for their treatment of the laboring classes. Particularly does this apply to the mine owners. The latter are constantly in difficulties with the labor they employ. The lumber operators, employing a class equally rough, seem to keep on the best of terms with their employees. If all large employers were of the class of Mr. Waldie, less would be heard about the "tyranny of capital."

A Strong Arm Preacher.

REV. DR. BARCLAY is a prominent member of the Methodist Conference which is in session in Toronto this week. It appears that when Dr. Barclay was younger he was a noted athlete, and a story which a fellow clergyman told about him the other day, without vouching for its entire authenticity, will be readily accepted as being based on fact by anyone who has seen his stalwart figure. He was once "held up" in a dark street in Edinburgh by a footpad who demanded his money.

"You can have my money," said the young parson, but not in that way." And, divesting himself of his coat, he gave the highwayman a very serious trouncing. At last, the man crying enough, Mr. Barclay handed him the coins he had in his pocket, with an admonition to adopt some better method of obtaining a livelihood.

An Honor From the King.

ABLE despatches recently announced the gazetting of Mr. A. L. Cochrane of Upper Canada College, Toronto, as an honorary associate of the Order of the Hospitaliers of St. John of Jerusalem in the British Dominions. This honor is in the direct gift of His Majesty the King, who presides as Grand Prior over the order. The object of the association is the recognition of the work of those who have served humanity.

Mr. Cochrane has been well known in this city for many years as an authority on athletics and as an enthusiast in aquatics, being one of Canada's foremost experts in the art of swimming. As physical director of Upper Canada College he has undoubtedly instructed more boys how to acquire themselves in water than any other man in this country. For some years past Mr. Cochrane has conducted every season a well equipped summer camp for boys on Lake Temagami, it being at once the largest and the first Canadian camp of its kind. Here swimming and life saving are taught by Mr. Cochrane and his staff, medals and certificates of the Royal Life Saving Society being awarded to those who successfully pass the examinations. Fishing, camping, canoeing, exploring, prospecting and woodcraft combine in a two months' wholesome programme amid the best environment and under the best possible auspices. That Mr. Cochrane's work with boys is successful is proved by the honor the King has lately conferred.



A. L. Cochrane, Esq., Hon. A. associate, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Lady Wanted a Title.

THE late Hon. Andrew G. Blair, ex-Premier of New Brunswick and probably the ablest Minister of Railways that we have had since Confederation (says United Canada), was essentially a serious man. The only humorous story I have ever heard him relate was in discussing the number of Canadians—like Newfoundlanders—who are aspirants for any and all sort of titles. Most of the men say they would not accept titles, but their wives and families are anxious about such honors. Mr.



Our Old Friend, the Straw Hat, And some of the indignities it is heaped upon.

Blair used to tell a story of a prominent New Brunswick lawyer whose estimable wife was known in political circles at Fredericton, N.B., to be indiscreetly ambitious.

One evening her husband came home and announced: "Jessie, I have a new title; just received a wire from Sir John Macdonald, and I am Judge — to-night! His wife hurriedly asked: What am I? The new judge replied: "You are still the same silly old girl as ever."

He Would Not Miss His Golf Game.

REV. ROBERT CAMPBELL, D.D., of Montreal, the new Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, is one of the oldest ministers in the Dominion. He was ordained in 1861, and for over forty years he has been pastor of the St. Gabriel church, Montreal, doing in the meanwhile considerable literary work along the line of strengthening Presbyterianism in Canada.

Dr. Campbell is a man of strong convictions, and his outstanding characteristic is fearless independence. This is well illustrated by an incident which is said to have occurred a number of years ago in Montreal. Dr. Campbell has several hobbies. He is a curler and a botanist, but above all he is a golfer, and he finds his keenest outdoor amusement and chief relaxation on the links. He was formerly a member of the Protestant Ministerial Association of Montreal, and it was the habit of that body to meet on Monday. Now Monday was the day on which Dr. Campbell, somewhat worn by the labors of Sunday, felt himself most benefited by a game of golf. So he asked the Association to be good enough to meet on Tuesday or some other day of the week. The Association did not favor the suggested change, whereupon Dr. Campbell arose and said, pleasantly but with decision: "Then I will bid you good-bye, gentlemen." And it is said that he never again appeared at the meetings of the Association.

"Pay-Pay" Talks of Hamar Greenwood.

T. P. O'CONNOR in P.T.O. for June 8, has as his leading article some comments on "A Canadian Dinner." It was a dinner given by Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., to a number of Canadian public men in London at the time of the Conference.

"Hamar Greenwood, one of the members for York city, gave a dinner party in the House of Commons the other night. You who do not belong to the House of Commons don't know much yet of Hamar Greenwood, but you will hear a good deal of him by and by. He is one of the colonial-born members of the present House of Commons. He is a true son of Canada, born there, brought up there, with a good deal of his heart and his interests centred there still. And in mind, character, appearance, style of speech, he is a typical Canadian. What is the typical Canadian? It is not quite an easy definition to make, but I should roughly describe him as a blend of the modernity quickness, keen and ready humor of the American, with the underlying steadiness, love of order, and strong resolution to maintain discipline which are characteristically English. The Canadian stands alone in his clear, distinct individuality, and a very charming individuality I have always found it to be.

"To understand this individuality you ought to hear my friend Greenwood speak. The first time I did so, he was but a name to me, expressing nothing except one of the many big surprises of the last general election, when he succeeded in defeating Mr. Butcher, a man of great ability, of high position at the Bar, and of several years' experience in the House of Commons. But after I had heard Mr. Greenwood speak once he became a man who would always be familiar to me. A more admirable after-dinner speaker there is not in London to-day, now that George Augustus Sala and Edmund Yates have gone over to the majority, and that Justin McCarthy is in retirement. Full of good humor, with that curious touch of extravagance and biting wit which are essentially transatlantic, with a certain touch of that joy of life which belongs to those young children of Europe that have re-created that great western world, Mr. Greenwood entirely captured his after-dinner audience when I heard him make that speech."

Some Others, Especially Goldwin Smith.

AFTER speaking of Premier McBride of British Columbia, Premier Rutherford of Alberta and his friend Mr. Foy, Attorney-General of Ontario, whom he first met years ago at an Irish gathering in Dublin, Mr. O'Connor recalls his visit to Toronto last year and his meeting with that great Englishman, Goldwin Smith. He writes: "My hosts in Toronto were mainly Conservatives, and one of the first visits they asked me to make was to the great Englishman who adorns the town by his presence. In a beautiful, out-of-the-way house, surrounded by lovely grounds, and though quite near the rush of the city, still remote enough from it for comfort and quiet, the great gladiator of the sixties and the seventies in England has at last found the resting-place for the soles of his feet and for his perturbed spirit. To me, to whom the name of

Goldwin Smith has been familiar from my boyhood, there was something weird, and perhaps I may say pathetic, in finding him thus settled down far away from the country of his birth and of so much of his career. 'When are you coming again to the old country?' I could not help asking him. 'I am never coming again to the old country,' was the reply. And having reached upwards of eighty years, and being one of the worst travellers in the world, Mr. Goldwin Smith is certainly entitled to spare himself any further wanderings.

"Tall, thin, sallow-complexioned, and yet alert, full of interest for all that is going on, with a sense of humor for which I did not give him credit, Mr. Goldwin Smith is still as keen as ever. Every day he goes into his library and, with the aid of a secretary, writes his daily toll of comment on all that is going on in the world, both close to him and from afar. I saw some letters of his in The Spectator immediately after my visit to Toronto, in which he criticized the speech I had made there; and probably on the same day there appeared in some New York journal a letter on some of the issues which at the moment are troubling the soul of America. Mr. Goldwin Smith, like many another Radical, has perhaps lost a little of his hopefulness of his enthusiasm. He put his state well by interrupting a forecast of the future in his saying with a certain ironic smile, 'I wonder whether I ought to be sorry to miss the fun or glad to avoid the crash.'

Crocker and the Derby.

RICHARD CROCKER made mayors, judges, congressmen, governors and one United States senator. For none of these men has he the regard or affection that he bestows upon Orby, the horse that won the Derby for him, says The New York World. Orby represents years of hope, longing and expenditure.

Suppose that Crocker, when he was the ruler of New York, had taken as much pains for the welfare of the children of New York as he did for his Derby colt, how different would be the history of New York for the past twenty years!

Glory is a great thing to achieve. Honor is a most desirable possession. Fame and future reputation are treasures to be highly prized. Yet is the possession of the best horse out of the nine that started a more desirable thing than the good-will of 4,000,000 people than their praise, than the echoes of their prosperity, than laudable pages in the history of the city where his youth was spent and his fortune made?

The nickels and the dollars of the people of New York city paid the cost of Richard Crocker's Derby.

When Crocker assumed the boss-ship of Tammany Hall, when John Kelly's health broke down, twenty-two years ago, he was a poor man. The testimony taken before successive legislative committees tells how he made his money. He was "working for my own pocket all the time." Whom he was working was the people of New York. What he was working were the offices and the franchises of New York.

During his supremacy Mr. Whitney created the Metropolitan Street Railway, which Thomas F. Ryan magnified. The Consolidated Gas became a monopoly. The old New York was changed to the Greater New York. The city's expenditures magnified.

Over all sat Richard Crocker, taking toll where he would.

The flood of political assessment and campaign contributions flowed through his hands. Checks were made out to his individual order. He was the man with whom the public-service corporations had to deal.

Then public revolt came again, as it had come before. This last time, rich and old, Crocker retired to Europe. His ambition has at last been realized. A man with his strong will, clear judgment, vast knowledge of men and horses and determined purpose, stands likely to win, whether in politics, money-making or on the race-tracks. But how much greater would be the legacy of his reputation had he applied to the people of New York the same principles which brought Orby in a winner!

When the King and Queen of Italy paid their first visit to Raconigi the peasants did not know them. One day while driving about the estate the King stopped to ask a man carrying a long string of fish the way to some place. After answering the man remarked, "I suppose you know the King is now here." "Indeed?" "Yes; they say he is not much to look at—a poor, small fellow, but a good one for all that; he will not see us abused." The King made some remark about the fish with a very red face (for it is said that he does not altogether relish personal remarks about his height), while the Queen laughed whereupon they were offered to him with great good will, and courteously refused. A few days later, when out fishing, again with the Queen, they met the same man, who had meantime learnt their identity, and who, to their astonishment, fell on his knees, begging them to forget what he had said. "My friend," said Victor Emmanuel, "if you always consider me a good fellow, and believe that I have your interests at heart, I have nothing to forgive!" and, giving him a gold piece, left him his devoted adherent for life.

Sir Percy Girouard is evidently getting well into harness in Northern Nigeria, and seems to find his new work as high commissioner peculiarly congenial. Just now he is inspecting the route of the proposed railway, and Reuter's correspondent at Zungeru informs The Canadian Gazette that he has already won golden opinions on account of the energetic policy which he is striking out. "Among other matters, his excellency has in view an important project for deepening the dry season channels of the Niger, thus permitting vessels of six-feet draught to navigate the great waterway all the year round." Beneficial reforms in the way of relief of taxation are being carried out in Northern Nigeria under Sir Percy Girouard's administration, and while the peaceful condition of the country permits of a slight reduction in army expenditure, the efficiency of the military forces is being increased.

The real name of the actor who has married Ellen Terry is John Usselman. He was a bookkeeper in Chicago before going on the stage.

"Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

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THE REAL DOUKHOBORS

Aylmer Maude, who introduced them to Canada and vouched for them, explains wherein he was deceived.



Home of Peter Verigin at Roshey, Sask.

SINCE the Doukhobors came to Canada, seven years ago, public opinion concerning them has undergone several changes. At first they aroused a great deal of friendly interest, because they came to us from Russia, vouched for by eminent persons as being a simple and deeply religious people, long persecuted for their faith. It pleased us all to feel that we were opening the doors of a free country to these meek martyrs. They were described as Russian Quakers, non-resisters, other-checkers, unselfish persons holding all their property in common. Count Tolstoy and his followers throughout the world gave these strangers unqualified endorsement. It was in 1902 that the Doukhobors, by going on a crazy pilgrimage, lost the good-will of their friends throughout the world, for people were unable to think otherwise than that they were controlled by a spirit of religious insanity. Still another change of opinion is now taking place in connection with them, owing to the diligence and industry with which they have been building up their communities during the past two or three years. They are regaining to some extent the good-will they lost.

Mr. Aylmer Maude, an English author, lecturer and social reformer, was the man who came to Canada seven years ago along with Prince D. A. Hilkoff and two Doukhobor families, and acted as intermediary with the Canadian Government in making the arrangements under which the Doukhobors migrated to Canada. He gave the authorities at Ottawa the most positive assurances that these Russian people were highly desirable settlers in every way. But he has since felt called upon to write a book in which he sets forth the whole history of this Russian sect together with an account of their removal to Canada and their conduct since settling in the West. It is at once his apology and his explanation of all that has happened to astonish Canada in the conduct of the Doukhobors. The book is entitled "A Peculiar People, the Doukhobors," by Aylmer Maude (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; \$1.50).

There was one point about the Doukhobors that was not known to Tolstoy, Mr. Maude, the Quakers of Philadelphia and of England, or to anybody else apparently, who took an interest in them at the time of their migration, and that unknown point was this: that their religion and their scheme of life are based on a belief in the Divine origin of their leader, who is, at present, Peter Verigin. It was not known to those who vouched for this sect that it was founded by a man who declared himself to be God, and who announced that his son was Christ, and that for a century the mantle of "Divinity" has been passed from one to another. At this day, in the Canadian West, the Doukhobors are a law-abiding people, but Mr. Maude assures us that they care nothing whatever for any law except the word of their leader, and that they obey or break laws precisely as may be the wish of Peter Verigin. It would seem that there is no Czar, Kaiser or Sultan in the world who possesses the same absolute authority over a people as does this supposedly "divine" leader of these peasants. This explains everything. When these people set out on their mad pilgrimage in 1902, Canadians were unable to understand what they meant by saying that they were looking for Christ. But it is now understood that they expected Peter Verigin to reach Winnipeg about the time they hoped to arrive in that city; their leader, who had been for fifteen years exiled in Siberia, had been released and was expected in Canada, but he delayed his coming for a couple of months. Many of his followers, crazed by zeal and impatience, started on a pilgrimage to welcome the "divine man" to the new country. When he finally reached his people he used some tact, praising those who went on the pilgrimage for their zeal and complimenting those who did not for their good sense, but Mr. Maude points out that his praise to those who joined in the march had the effect of causing others to set out on a second and more startling pilgrimage a year or so later. The men who led the second pilgrimage were those who denounced the first one, and refused to join in it. The inference is that they sought to find favor with their leader by the act. One gathers in reading this book that with all their apparent simplicity of character the Doukhobors have much cunning and always act with an eye to policy, and it may be that this second pilgrimage was taken with the idea of hiding the fact that Peter Verigin has absolute power over the sect. It might suit his convenience to create that impression.

THE history of the Doukhobors is not without its black chapter. In the five years between 1834 and 1839, the Russian Government held an investigation into the affairs of this sect, and appear to have found a terrible state of things existing. The "divine" leader at that time was a drunkard, and thirty elders and twelve apostles ruled in his name. The principle "whoso denies his God shall perish with the sword" was interpreted according to their caprice, and a mere suspicion of treachery was punished with torture and death. Mr. Maude says: "Within a few years some four hundred people disappeared, leaving scarcely a trace behind. An investigation by the authorities revealed a frightful state of things; bodies were found buried alive, and many mutilated." Four hundred executed in a population of five thousand was a large percentage, and shows that in their time the Doukhobors were as capable of tyranny as any other people. Emperor Nicholas I. decided to scatter the Doukhobors in the Caucasus. Some writers deny these charges, and describe the action of the Russian authorities as persecution. But Mr. Maude seems to make out a good case.

Peter Verigin's claim to the leadership was based on his own statement that he was not the son of his father, but the illegitimate offspring of Peter Kalmikof, and grand-

son of that drunken divinity in whose name the elders and apostles ruled. His mother testified to the truth of this claim, gloried in it, and has been something of a queen among the people ever since. When Peter claimed the leadership the sect split, some accepting and others denying him. He was soon banished to Siberia as a disturber, but ruled his followers through the medium of messages sent at long intervals. His long absence appears to have strengthened his hold over his followers, and gave him a chance to educate himself in the doctrines of Tolstoy. He is described as a man of considerable ability. It was he who revived the long abandoned rule that members of the sect should not own property individually, but that all should belong to all equally, and no real application of this was made until shortly before migrating to Canada. Even here, while they all started on this basis, the plan only works out partially, and is being, to some extent, abandoned. The primitive instinct to think more of yourself than you do of your neighbor asserts itself.

There could hardly be a people more secretive than the Doukhobors. They will tell you nothing about their beliefs, and when questioned take refuge in a convenient appearance of stupidity. For this reason it has been difficult for people meeting them in Canada to discover the full extent of the sway their leader has over them.

As indicating how they can feign a simplicity that is not genuine, a little story told by Prince Hilkoff is worth repeating. At one time in Russia the authorities issued an order that on the death of a Doukhobor it would be unlawful for them to conduct a burial except in presence of a priest. The order was loosely worded to the effect that "no Doukhobor should be buried without a priest." When the next death occurred notice was sent to the nearest priest of the Greek church, who at once came, was seized and buried alive along with the dead Doukhobor, and when the crime was discovered some time later they pleaded the order of the authorities as their justification, saying, "You commanded us not to bury a Doukhobor without a priest." The people who did this are probably farming in the Canadian West to-day, and one can gather some idea of the difficulty that may ensue in governing a people who interpret instructions so literally. They acknowledge no government except that of their "divine" leader. However, they find Canadian authority somewhat different from the Russian, and a new idea begins to get into their heads. They do not quite understand Canadian rule, and scarcely know how to combat it. It is so different from the force which they have always been resisting. A Russian who lives among them, in a letter written in 1902, explains the way Canadian law works and how it annoys these people and leaves them at a loss how to proceed:

"The Doukhobors have, of course, been forbidden to cut timber. It was announced to them that after New Year's Day they would not be allowed to cut trees without taking out permits. They paid no particular attention to this, but went on cutting. An official came to Kamenka the other day and noted the timber that had been cut during the winter. I do not know if they will have to pay for it, or whether they will be fined."

The Doukhobors detest the methods of this Government. For instance, a light sledge arrives in the village and drives up and down it. When it comes to a pile of timber, a man gets out of the sledge. He looks like anybody else (he might be either an official or a farmer) and he begins to calculate and measure up the timber. Of course the Doukhobors come out.

"Good day!" "Good day!" But the man goes on with his calculating. When he has looked around, and calculated, he gets into his sledge, says "Good bye!" and drives off. There are no threatening speeches and no abuse, but they (the Doukhobors) feel that what should be done, will be done, and will be done firmly.

"That is what they hate!" This is the kind of thing that makes for success in the governing of Canada, and engenders respect for law. The law is silent, mysterious, confident, operating without bluster or force. The Indians of the West, instead of being beaten down by battalions, were awed by one or two mounted police riding boldly into camp, giving orders and perhaps hand-cuffing some offender in the midst of his tribe.

Lord Archibald Campbell's withdrawal from the management of Coutts' bank in London, which he has held for nearly forty years, is said to be due to his disapproval of certain innovations introduced by Francis Burdett-Coutts, who on the death of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts inherited her controlling interest in this world-famous financial institution, which has had the private accounts of the kings and queens of England and of the members of their family since the reign of George II, as well as those of Napoleon III., of the princes and princesses of the house of Orleans, and of many other foreign royalties.

Lord Archibald was pretty well the first of the members of the houses of the great English aristocracy to go into business, says an English correspondent. He started with a clerkship in a firm of wine merchants at Bordeaux, and then was employed in a similar capacity by a great tea broking establishment in Mincing Lane. It was after entering Coutts' bank, on the nomination of Lady Burdett-Coutts, who was fond of him, that he went to America, was entertained in New York for some weeks by Cyrus Field, and then went on to Ottawa to stay with his brother, the present Duke of Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne.

The prolongation by the British Government of Lord Kitchener's term as commander-in-chief in India for two years beyond the regular term, puts an end to various rumors about strained relations which have been current for some time. Lord Kitchener disposed of various other reports in a recent speech, which he delivered in the governor-general's legislative council. His strategic policy, he declared, was wholly defensive in its purposes.



"Well, Jackie, did you sleep with the wedding-cake under your pillow and dream of your future wife?" "No, I—I ate it, 'cos I want my wife to be a surprise!" —Punch.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE DECAY OF BASEBALL

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"WINT to see a baseball game yisterdah," said Mr. Hennessy. "Have ye seen wan lately?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "but I read about them. An' they're good readin'. Next to th' chess games they're about th' best readin' I find in th' papers fr' th' brain. They take thought an' a knowledge iv th' wurrd, but wanst ye apply ye're mind to them ye don't have to go to th' game to injure it. You, Hinnessy, pay a lot iv good money an' spend a whole afternoon in th' snow iv a bitter summer's day, while I stay at home here drinkin' in hot things, smokin' a good seegar an' seein' th' spoor as plainly before me eyes as if I owned th' ball club an' cud set on th' players' bench. Here it is: 'Th' hosiery display delivered th' entire fruit stand, includin' a cornucopy iv checkerberries, an' th' gasoline torch to th' aged Desperadoes yisterdah afternoon before twinty thousand feather heads who wept, groaned, moaned, an' sighed outil if th' whole faculty iv medicine had been in th' audience they wud've fainted fr'm exhaustion puttin' shtrait jackets on th' paretics. Th' cillybrated starboard whip iv Juggs Doheny, th' salivary glandiyator iv th' Thugs was all to'ard th' fleet, an' th' empire, a certain Misher Flicks, whose eyesight niver will be improved till th' main squeeze iv th' Junta makes him loog fr' another job, threated th' slapless miracles as though they were Chinese strike breakers in San Francisco."

"This ornymint iv th' joodicval station lost his on'y previous position because he cudn't make change while actin' as chief clerk iv an' 'I am blind' emporium (with music). He cudn't see th' space between New York an' Liverpool. He thinks they're just th' same. If he iver thries to board a shreet car on th' same judgment that he uses fr' decisions at bases he'll get a dent in his little head that'll enable him to wear his hat upside down without havin' it blow off. But in spite iv ivrythin', includin' th' action of th' polls in blockin' plays be three or four hundred iv our assistant third basemen armed with knives, th' gang fr'm th' corner come through on th' rail. Th' game was a horror fr'm th' moment when little old Billy Wappus lashed th' principal headstone with th' cannon cracker till Boggy trotted acrost Schwartz' shingles with th' ice picks on his feet. In th' first, Corkey binged. McGrasso tottled. Two less thin anything were sung on Binstag be th' on'y empire iver born in th' mammoth cave iv Kentucky, although th' balls were found in a drug store acrost th' shreet after th' game. Th' next wan was as moist as th' flure iv th' office iv th' Thransit House after a cattlemen's convention, but it must've looked to th' boy at th' gate as big as a sheep dog conin' out iv a dhraim. He caught it where th' medulla oblongata joins th' collar button, an' it went away to return no more." An' there ye ar-e. A picture in simple language."

"It's a rough game these days," said Mr. Hennessy. "It is that," said Mr. Dooley. "It has degenerated sadly. I'm in thorough sympathy with th' iditor iv th' North Western Christian Advocate, who wants it suppressed. It ain't th' ginteel game it was in my days. In thim far-gone times baseball was th' spoor iv gentlemen an' was watched be gentlemen. When our fathers left their clubs an' wint down to th' baseball park, an' took off their coats an' collars, they knew they were goin' to spend an afternoon in th' quiet enjoyment iv a contest iv ginteelmenly skill an' good nature. There was no rowdyism in thim days. No, sir. Th' best people in town wint to th' games an' cheered be cryin'. Here, here, 'excellent,' or 'played, indeed,' or sometimes in moments iv gr-reat excitement, 'Kill th' speckled-faced cross-eyed pick-pocket, kill him.' Th' polls were not necessary to protect th' empire. In fact, they weren't advisable. In spite iv his unyform a policeman is but a man after all."

"Th' audiences were always fair an' sports-lovin'. They sildom hissed a decision whin wan iv th' home players was caught fifteen feet off a base. But they were stern as well as just, an' they properly riprimanded certain thievins', burglariuns, porch-climbin', bribe-takin' ruffians who had, under assumed names, secured th' important position iv empire. Th' front rows iv th' fifty cent seats used to be occupied by club men who had whiled away th' mornin' hours in th' rollin' mills, an' come over to spend a quiet afternoon in th' sunshine watchin' th' naityonal game. A pretty picture they made in their red flannel undershirts, fannin' thimselves with copies iv th' Polis Gazette. They were usually quiet an' thoughtful, but at times wud make laughin' remarks about th' empire's family; but whin a ra-aly unjust decision occurred, or what looked like an unjust decision fr'm where they sat, their proud natures asserted thimselves. They did what anny other American, whether he wears his undershirt outside or inside, wud do. They hopped over th' railin' an' stamped on th' perjured official."

"Thim were th' days whin we had local pride. We loved th' boys that fought so nobly fr' their home city, an' we hated th' scoundrels that come fr'm afar to wrest loris fr'm thim. It was a grand thing to have our home village reprised be th' flower iv its athletes, la-ads that had learned th' game on th' prairies an' vacant loris iv th' west side, an' were prepared to do or die in defense iv th' honor iv Chicago. I always had a speecal delight, Hinnessy, whin they humiliated an' degraded th' haughty New York team, which they often did, I'm glad to say, an' are still doin', thank hiven. An' whin th' long season was over, an' th' heart burnings were at an end, whin th' last little boy had gone into th' grounds in th' ninth inning on a ball knocked over th' fence, an' th' last stick iv gum had been chewed, an' th' pennant floated fr'm th' flagstaff in Mitchigan avnoo, or was carried back in triumph to th' East, th' Chicago team packed its trunks an' wint home to New York, an' th' New York team come home to Chicago fr' th' winter."

"A little later ye'd read in th' papers: 'McGaw, th' star twirler iv th' Chicago White Stockings, may not return to th' game. He has been offered th' Tammany nomination in th' fourth district, where he was born an' brought up.' Or, 'Flannery, th' demon batsman in th' Joynets, has taken th' management iv his brother's caddy in Bloo Island avnoo fr' th' winter.' I niver knew a ball player that lived wthin a hundherd miles iv th' place where he dhrew his pay check. Be hevens, twinty years ago I felt th' same hatched fr' th' Saint Looye Browns in th' summer that I used on th' British Government in winter. I am not a man iv vilent dislikes, but I used to say a short prayer that their thrain might mercifully be permitted to jump into a ditch on their way up on their nefarious mission iv humiliatin' our gallant team captained



be a loyal son iv Chicago fr'm Ioway, with star players fr'm Jersey City an' Yonkers. I didn't want thim kilt, d'ye mind? I wasn't that bad, before th' game. But I wanted thim shaken up a little so that the pitcher wud have a pain in his back ivry time he thried to sind over an in-shoot. An' while I was feelin' this way about th' foreign scum fr'm Saint Looye, th' pitcher iv th' Browns owned a shoe store in Madison shreet, an' cud be seen anny winter's day on wan knee with a button-hook in his hand, an' th' father iv th' captain iv th' Browns was an old frind iv mine an' held a job in th' City Hall."

"It's scand'lous th' way th' games ar-e wrote up in th' papers. I agree with me frind iv th' North Western Christian Advocate that thim young fellows that write about baseball ar-e mutylatin' th' language. In my day 'twas diff'rent. Th' iditors wud not disgrace their callin' be speakin' iv a pitcher's arm as his 'port propeller.' They were more dignified, an' always alluded to it as th' 'south joist.' They niver roasted th' empire in th' language now employed. But whin he was radically wrong, an' it cud be aisily seen that he was purchased, they simply remarked that the audience showed great restraint in merely chokin' him; in less cultivated communities they wud've made his map look as though Napoleon Bonypart had been workin' on it."

"Thim were the days iv baseball. I'm an old vethren spoorts lover. I'll bet I've et more bags iv peanuts an' emptied an' threw more bottles iv pop than anny man at th' game yisterdah. Why, me boy, I can raymimber whin Al Spalding pitched fr' th' Rockfords. Will ye think iv that? I raymimber Charlie Radbourne; I raymimber Worcester an' Providence were in th' league; I raymimber Will White playin' with spectacles on; I see Silver Flint get his first bad finger; I was atin' popcorn in th' grand stand whin Cap Anson was thried out at third base, an' I lived to see him called 'Pop,' an' thim 'Grampop,' an' fin'ly become wan iv th' Elder Statesmen iv Chicago. I'm th' oldest livin' survivor iv th' game, an' wan iv th' things I like about it is it ain't lawn tennis, an' it ain't cut-outs fr'm th' Sundah Supplement, an' it ain't cricket."

"It's baseball, that's what it is. Ye bet ye. Did ye iver see a game iv cricket? They tell me it lasts three days, or ontill th' tea gives out. Ivry time a man hits th' ball he gets a cup iv tea. There was a man in England last year that had a score iv two hundherd an' fifty basins of bohea, an' was not declared out ayether he th' empire or th' doctor. Think iv th' whole baseball nine goin' down to a tent after What's-his-name had soaked th' spit-ball out iv th' lot an' gatherin' around th' tea table. 'That was an excellent slap ye gave, Mike,' 'Thank ye, Terry; will ye have a saucer of Young Hyson?' 'I will, with pleasure. Will ye take jam or marmylade. Oh, dear, I've made me fingers all sticky. Is that a speck iv dirt on me pants? Well, anyhow, I don't go to bat till next Thursdah.' No, sir; not for me."

"Baseball's all right, with th' pitcher rollin' th' ball in th' mud an' thin on his pants, an' puttin' up his foot an' his hands to th' same altytude an' thryin' to sind th' ball so near th' batter's head that it'll scare him to death without hittin' him; an' th' batter havin' th' alternative iv hittin' th' ball with his club or lettin' it hit him on th' chin; his eye not bein' in, he chooses to be hit, an' falls down unconscious till th' empire says: 'Take ye'er base,' an' thim g'ts up an' runs down to first at a pace that wud've sint Barney Wefer's hands above his head; an' th' catcher is jumpin' around lookin' like a submarine monster; an' ivry man that goes down to second base leaps into th' lap iv th' shortstop with his spikes on; an' a fellow is behind third base thryin' to rattle th' pitcher be tellin' him all about his father; an' th' catcher walks down an' whispers somethin' in th' pitcher's ear to steady him, an' comes back an' has a passed ball scored ag'in him; an' th' man at th' bat catches th' next wan in th' eye, an' sinds it into th' club-house; an' th' ginteel crowd advises th' pitcher that his job is still open fr' him on th' dumps because th' boss knew th' kind iv a pitcher he was; an' th' game is over, an' we've won, an' I get up me circulation be makin' th' pace fr' a block or two fr' a frind iv mine that wants to tell th' empire what he thinks iv him before he can get to his car."

"No, sir, baseball ain't anny tea-an'-muffins game. It's rale spoor. Why, Hogan tells me a man can play cricket till he's old enough to be prisident of a savings bank. He can play it an' wear whiskers to his waist, an' he don't need to take off his stove-pipe hat unless he wants to. He can play it as long as he can hold a cup iv tea without spillin' it on his flannel pants. But think iv a man iv sixty thryin' to play baseball with th' professionals. He might better ship fr' an arctic expedition. Baseball, like war, is fr' th' boys. Whin a man is twinty-five they begin to call him 'old man Kelly,' whin he's thirty th' papers advise th' audience to be kind to him because he has seen better days; he's not, nacherally, as spry as a young or middle-aged man, but baseball must be played with th' head as well as th' legs; an' if he lives an' holds down a job till thirty-five, they note that his intellect is wabblin' th' same as his knees, an' rayspectfully suggest that he go off somewhere an' curl up an' die."

"It's a rough game," said Mr. Hennessy, "but it ain't as bad as it looks. An' it's good-natured, although ye wud-den't think so."

"It's like life," said Mr. Dooley, "or, annyhow, like life in America."

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Recent Books

Notes on Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers.

WHEN reading a book one sometimes discovers the author showing much partiality for a phrase, word or mannerism that has taken his fancy. In Arthur Stringer's new book he refers to his hero as waiting "day by desperate day" for news from his wife. Later on the same little trick in phrasing is employed twice on one page— which, the reader feels, is rather overdoing it. Jack London in a story in one of the periodicals last month imparted a touch of elegance to his style by saying in one place: "What of the ice that had formed on his beard and eye-brows, his aspect was, etc." Pleased with this London dropped in "which of" whenever he could as the story proceeded. In Wilfred Campbell's really fine historical novel "Ian of the Orcades," which has just been published the reader comes near the end to dread the word "dread." It is everywhere. The dread castle has in it dread dungeons, is ruled over by a dread chief who works his dread will on all and sundry. The story is a strong one, the style superior—except for the overworking of this one little word.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who was in Toronto last week, has just finished a new novel on which he has been at work for the last two years. It is called "The Red City." This may be taken as an assurance that its scenes will be laid in Philadelphia. It will begin its serial publication in The Century Magazine for November.

"The Long Labrador Trail," by Dillon Wallace, which has been published in Outing, reaching its conclusion in the current number of that magazine, has made its appearance in book form. The Fleming H. Revell Company, of Toronto, are the publishers. Mr. Wallace was the companion of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., on the ill-fated trip to Labrador in 1903, when the latter lost his life. He gave the story of that journey in "The Lure of the Labrador Wild." Since then the author explored Labrador on his own account, being accompanied by George M. Richards, of Columbia University, Clifford H. Easton, of New York, Leigh Stanton of Halifax, N. S., a veteran of the Boer war, and an Indian and a Labrador native as woodsmen and camp servant. "The Long Labrador Trail" tells of the struggles and adventures of the party over the desolate northern wastes. They followed a plan of exploration which Hubbard had had in mind and had imparted to Wallace, hoping that he would carry it out. The trip was successful in a large measure, regarding the topography and geology of the country. The book tells of their discoveries, and gives one an excellent idea of the life led by the Eskimos, the Indians, and other residents of the coast and interior of Labrador. An incident from the book will illustrate the diversity of the population there.

When the party arrived at Fort Chimo, on the east bank of the Koksoak river they found there two trading posts; one that of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the other that of Revell Brothers, the great French fur house. Mr. Wallace says: "The day after our arrival we took occasion to pay our respects to Monsieur D. Thevenet, the officer in charge of the French post. Our reception was most cordial. M. Thevenet is a gentleman by birth. He was at one time an officer in the French cavalry, but his love of adventure and active temperament rebelled against the inactivity of garrison duty and he resigned his commission in the army, came to Canada, and joined the Northwest Mounted Police in the hope of obtaining a detail in the Klondike. In this he was disappointed, and the outbreak

of the South African war offering a new field of adventure he quit the police, enlisted in the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and served in the field throughout the war. After his return to Canada and discharge from the army, he took service with Revell Brothers."

A new book that will be found very interesting by those who make it a point to read about the native races of Canada, has just been published. It belongs to the series of the "Native Races of the British Empire," and is Vol. I of the division relating to British North America. It treats of the Salish and Dene races along the Pacific coast. The author is Mr. C. Hill-Tout, who has spent fifteen years in the Salish country, and who acknowledges himself much indebted to Rev. Father Morice, of the Oblate Mission, Stuart's Lake, B.C. Father Morice has spent most of his life among the Dene tribes, and is said to be more familiar with all that appertains to their life and customs, past and present, than any other man living. The book contains thirty-three full page illustrations and a map, and is throughout a very fine example of book-making. This book makes very pleasant reading and not only gives an account of the history and life-conditions of those far western tribes of Canada, but also tells of the voyages of discovery made through these regions by Vancouver, Alexander McKenzie, Simon Fraser and others. In Parkman's works we get much delightful reading about the domestic life of some of our Indian tribes, but Mr. Hill-Tout, in this volume, gives us an even greater wealth of detail that is very satisfying to those interested in native races. Time flies, the native races are disappearing and unless works of this kind are written now, they will never be well written. It is understood that this work will be followed by others dealing with the native races of Canada in a similar way, and these books should find a place in every man's library who wants Canada well represented there. The book is published by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto; \$1.50.

A new book describing the prairie provinces of Canada entitled "New Canada and the New Canadians," is to be published almost immediately by Horace Marshall & Son, of London, Eng. The author, Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy, is known in the Dominion as the editor of "The Story of the Empire" series, in which he wrote the portion dealing with Canada. He lived in this country for nearly ten years and is well acquainted with the west, through which he has travelled extensively. He acted as a correspondent for the Montreal Witness at the time of the Riel Rebellion, and he has lately covered the same ground and much more, as the correspondent of the London Times. He should, therefore, be qualified to write with some authority on the changed conditions in the west. Lord Strathcona has written the introduction of the book.

The Choice.

And Life with full hands came, Austere smiling.
I looked, marvelling at her gifts—
Fortune, much love, many beauties,
The deed fulfilled man ponders in his youth,
Gold of the heart, desire of the eyes come true—
And, joyously,
"With these," I said—"with these, indeed,
What spirit could miss delight?"
And paused to dream them over.
But even then
"Choose," she said.
"One gift is yours—no more!"
And bent that grave, wise smile
Upon me, waiting.
—Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney in Lippincott's.

Teacher—What is a coal magnate, Tommie?
Tommie—I don't know, madam; I only thought those things come in cheese!—Yonkers Statesman.



Tourist—"What do the people round here live on, Pat?"
Jarvey—"Pigs, Sorr, mainly, and tourists in the summer."—Punch.

The Passing of the Old Lady

IT is hard to persuade modern enthusiasts that innovations are not necessarily improvements, and that many inventions of to-day supplant things of yesterday which were inherently better worth preserving. Among other lost arts must be reluctantly mentioned that of growing old, writes a contributor to The Atlantic Monthly. It has been succeeded by something far less lovely, the trick of remaining young. The Old Lady seems to have passed—or is it possible that she has only temporarily withdrawn for a nice little old-fashioned nap in her easy-chair, while her modern substitute is chasing a golf ball over the links, counting up her gains at the bridge-table, or putting a girdle round the earth in an automobile? May it be that when the present-day young woman of seventy-five dies from over-athleticism, or from exposing herself to a draft in a low-necked gown, the dear little old lady of a past era will awake, pick up the dropped stitches of her knitting, rub her spectacles, and resume her interrupted sway? Certainly it is a conclusion devoutly to be wished.

To-day the most flattering tribute we hear paid to a woman in the seventies is the exclamation, "How young she looks!" And it is pitifully true that she looks much younger than she has any right to look. Her figure is always erect, often slender, and generally clad according to the latest dictum from the French court of fashion. Her coiffure is much the same as that of her twenty-year-old granddaughter, and she appears cushioned with Pompadour puffs or billowy with Marcel waves, according to her frivolous fancy. A jaunty hat perches coquettishly on her curls, and the young lady of threescore years and ten is ready to compete with two younger generations in their activities—social, philanthropic, educational and worldly.

Of course this false dawn of youth accompanies the inevitable swing of the pendulum forward from the custom of a past day, when old age was assumed in early maturity. Our grandmothers took the caps, false teeth, and knitting before they were forty, and more than half of their allotted years were spent preparing for death instead of enjoying life. Common sense forbid that we should return to so unnatural a cutting short of youth!

A spirit can never be too young for its body, and fresh sympathies are not incompatible with ripeness of years. But in the older generation to-day the quiet serenity of life's afternoon is conspicuously lacking, the inevitable result occurs, and we find young people growing up devoid of a sense of respect and of humility.

We blame our girls and boys for their self-confidence, their rudeness, their sense of equality with all, but it seems only fair to look for the cause, of which their complacency is merely the effect. The truth is, there is nothing in human intercourse to-day to call forth the old-fashioned virtue of reverence, formerly bred in the bones of the young. Till the genuine old lady, now obsolete, returns to de-throne the present pretender, till we can see her passing peaceful days in the large leisure of quiet home-staying—always ready to lend a sympathetic ear or to share the wisdom of an experienced heart—we shall look in vain for respect and modesty in the young.

The other day a girl of eighteen spoke enthusiastically of her grandmother as "a bully fellow," and the painful point of the incident is that the elderly relative was pleased with the compliment. We do not wish the pendulum to swing back with the full strength of its present impetus, but may not some cunning artificer, skilled in the adjustment of weights and balances, arise and regulate the clock of time and teach the old that in defying age they are corrupting youth?

The old lady must be born again; she cannot be made from existing material, for in this age of doubt and uncertainties one fact shows clear: the New Woman can never grow into the Old Lady.

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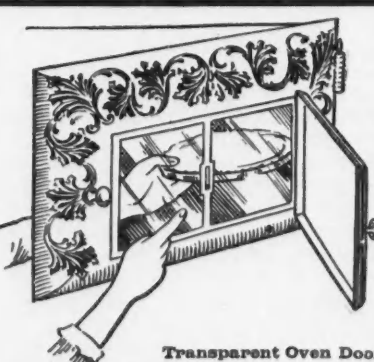
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What would be more acceptable than a photo of her in bridal costume? The Dutch Studio, 318 Yonge street, will photograph every bride free of charge during June and July.

Lady Gay's Column

EVERY year, in June-time, one realizes anew that Toronto is a summer city. Nowhere are there so many things one can do, or so many places one can visit, each with its own June charm. There are compensations for a year without a springtime. They come in June. Just fancy what a choice one has, say, to spend this fair sunny afternoon of Tuesday, while I sit at home writing about it. If one needs a very adjacent place, what can be more restful and lovely than the quiet balcony of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, with its spotless precincts, its outlook over the sparkling bay, its fringes of green turf and trees, its pretty rustic chairs and tables and excellent afternoon tea and toast. There is the essence of *dolce far niente*, there is the echo of good fellowship from the lawn where comrades bowl and chat and smoke and laugh in subdued enjoyment, while the petticoat contingent looks down on them in lazy content from the balcony. Or if one be energetic, there is the great park to the west, with its winding roads and giant trees, its lake front and its ponds, its flocks and its fauna, indigenous and transplanted, wherein one may roam, or through which one may glide in the luxurious motor, and inhale a hundred fragrances of wood and leaf, enjoy a continuous vision of cool green shade, golden sunlight, dappled road and flashing wavelets. If one be aquatically inclined, there is the sweet and enticing Humber, with its pretty curves and Thames-like banks, its short length being always suggestive of the plaint of Oliver Twist to the unsatisfied explorer. And who ever had better water delights than the sojourner in Toronto who skims over the bay or lake in the shadow of a bellying sail, or rides the swell of the portly ferry in some tiny and dancing canoe? The butterfly sails flit hither and thither with the fresh breezes of a day in June, such as this; the more stately yachts, each bearing her spry contingent of sailormen and her bevy of frills and embroidery walk out the channel like princesses in their own right. The great steamers laden to the rails, trail their smoke on every tack, across the great lake, music floats from their decks, red coats, white and blue coats, rifle green coats mingle with the clouds of lawn and lace and natty white serge that flash and frou frou on their gangways. The whole community seems afloat on such a golden day of June. Then, there are lovely far places in sylvan reaches, where the open doors and windows of the stuart club houses never heard of city dust. There is elegance and comfort and the joy of living in the month of roses. The motors bear groups of ladies in the various ravishing toilettes that may now be safely worn a-motoring, since palatial cars have become the rich man's fad, and the rich woman's comfort and delight. Out in Lambton Club House, the wide verandahs brim with loungers, whiling away the charming hours, with tea and talk, watching the country scene of which the club is so proud, with its soft English rolling landscape, its touch

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of water, its fine trees, and the glint of scarlet here and there where the ardent golfer swings the club and swats the tiny white ball. There is more enthusiasm in the Lambton Golf Club than in most of the other sporting clubs in Toronto combined, as may be expected when its head is a person with a boyish delight in the whole institution, which he never has any idea of concealing. Enthusiasm is catching, and, unlike fire, it burns best from the top downwards! The Lambton Club sitting like a smiling queen of nature, the Country and Hunt Club perched upon the cliff overlooking beautiful Lake Ontario, the Toronto Golf Club on the hilltop in the midst of country scents and sounds, are three of the places which help to make Toronto a delightful place in June.

"But," says the voice of the carper, "all these things you write about are for the well-to-do. The clubs have only their hosts, and owners of craft, the motorists are all wealthy, what is Toronto proper, the great mass of the industrial world, that builds up this city, to find in June? Perhaps nowhere can one get as much for a dime as in Toronto in June! The little trip across the bay is taken by thousands of the poor and less poor, every day, and once across the water, what bathing, what digging in the sand, what games and what picnics are possible, free, gratis, for nothing, on the jolly trip of land that seems made for a playground for the workers of Toronto. Away off to the east, moreover, there has at last blossomed out, on Scarborough's Cliffs the finest of free pleasure resorts for the many busy people who must make holidays on half days, or evenings, or Sundays, or go without. There the great mass of the working people will betake themselves and enjoy a complete change of air, and scene of the most delightful character, and all for a dime! Taking all these matters into consideration it appears that Toronto may claim without undue assertion, to be the ideal Canadian City in June-time, where the best fun of the greatest variety with the least delay and at the smallest cost may be surely counted upon as accessible to both rich and poor. And to one who loves his fellow man, this isn't such a bad character for any city to be found with!

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Farnham.—December 14 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign. These people are outspoken, direct and sometimes inconsiderate, warm-hearted, loyal to their own and quick to take up arms for those they love. It is generally ill to quarrel with one of them, for they never mince matters, and can tell more keen home truths to the square inch than their fellows. They cannot bear to see suffering and spare no pains or money to relieve it. They have peculiar views on many matters, and are naturally clairvoyant. It is a musical sign. Incessant alertness and industry are sometimes traits of Sagittarius' development, and the tendency to fly to pieces over small matters with a general lack of reticence and control often disturbs and worries others. Your writing shows strongly this unruly Sagittarius trait, with great self-assertion, enthusiasm, ambition and some exaggeration.

Jeanette.—Yes, you may write again. Not however to pay compliments, but to tell me about that place you live in, a town named after one of our provinces. Don't have blue days, my friend! There is always sunshine if you want it—not always on earth, I admit, but we are not tied to earth, the best part of us isn't. To "get off the earth" isn't a bad habit. And you want a delinquency? You are sensitive, refined, unpractical, somewhat artistic and given to dreams, imagination is strong, without result of construction, you are dainty and careful of detail, and should be a most likeable person.

Josette.—It is a rather meagre and crude study, frank and mistrustful by turns, a bit careless and impulsive, of light power, but very decided ac-

tion, devoid of the gentler and more ingratiating traits, but capable of improvement, by reason of natural force vitality and independence. Tenacity and ambition, good sequence of ideas and a rather cheerful nature are shown.

Peggy Oheag.—You hail from Strathroy, and when I had finished your letter I called up the ambulance and sank into a swoon. You should have some limits, Peg, dear! Now for your cathechism. I am of very Irish stock on both sides; I am not naturally over spontaneous; I was accused recently of too much self-control, by one of my dearest friends. I love sentiment (in other people), foolish or the reverse. I am not interested in almost everything, observant always, but not interested. There's a huge difference. Tolerant? Well, one should be, when nearing one's latter end. It sometimes takes us a lifetime to assimilate St. Matthew VI. 1. And now to turn from a dry subject! how are the mumps? You should have written to one of my fellow-workers that day. He had 'em too, good and plenty! My best regards to mother. I too love the old Roman. You are an Aquarius of the most virulent type. Dowered with every great and noble gift, capable of all things save only adhesiveness, you sprawl and cavort from the sublime to the ridiculous, regardless of what you kill, maim or scare to death. Now, will you please ring up the ambulance? And oh, my Peggy, please write soon again!

April.—As I have lost all remembrance of your first letter, I can only conjecture that you may have said, "I was born in April" without mentioning the exact date. As Aries, the April sign, only rules until April 19, you see you come under Taurus, the May sign. This sign belongs to the earth, Aries to fire, so you see the immense difference between the two. Taurus men are fearless and kind, and very magnanimous when not irritated, generous, and willing to bear the burdens of others. Money is but a means to an end with them. When friends are troubled they usually receive money or gifts from Taurus folk, rather than personal sympathy. The Taurus nature is materialistic and governed by externals, is zealous and sanguine, and when well spiritualized, a glorious and splendid one. They love to rule, and being permitted to do so, are the most loyal of friends. When they become enemies, none are more relentless. Taurus can be led, never driven, to the heights.

Bridge, Delaware.—June 15 brings you under Gemini, the Twins, an air sign, of which you are a lively child. Your writing shows much regard for appearances, persistence of purpose and thought, caution and discretion, exaggerated ideas on some subjects, fairly sweet temper, love of beauty and art, and a suggestion of some insincerity and affectation, not however the product of a weak or foolish mind. You are, indeed, rather a clever one.

Plain Jane.—Thanks many, for your hospitable invitation, which I shall recall if ever I see the west. You really must write when you return and tell me something about Alaska. I've done the like country on the East Labrador stretch. Bon Voyage! Are you going to write that article soon? It's the very thing we want. Another "little deal" will probably send me away down east pretty soon again. Here is luck to all three of us, and a safe return.

Anatto, Ottawa.—Bright mentality, firm purpose, candor and simplicity are shown in your lines. December 12 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign. You are generally pretty decided, but don't seem to have rubbed up against much experience. In fact time will change you a good deal.

Ariadne.—August 14 brings you under Leo, a fire sign, and, judging by your writing, the fire is sometimes bright and hot. You have firm, practical and rather powerful will and are decided and tenacious in conviction. It is an inexperienced but promising study, along conventional lines.

Winnipeg.—It isn't a very strong or able study but has tenacity and constancy, generous and kindly impulses, careful and conscientious method, tendency to idealism and sometimes over-frankness of expression. A little sense of humor is suggested, and also the fact that there is plenty of experience coming to you. It isn't a very old or very sophisticated study.

Homely Nellie.—You are a Scorpio with all the power and dash of that fine sign. There is great individuality, independence and feeling (however concealed), in your lines. You are adaptable, progressive, logical and very decided in your views, discreet and wise in your confidences, and apt to prefer the interesting things of life to its simply luxurious or beautiful treasures. It might be easy for you to make history despite the insinuation of your *nom de plume*.

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NEW LINE TO MUSKOKA.

Canada's greatest railway, in building a line to connect Toronto with the main transcontinental track at Sudbury, has incidentally given us a new direct route to the Muskoka Lakes district, over which fast passenger trains will be running after Saturday, June 22. Bala, which is reached in three and a half hours from Toronto, will be the Lakes terminus this summer; and there steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Co. will connect with trains, carrying travellers to all points on Lakes Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau. The roadbed is heavily laid and well ballasted, train equipment is new and handsome, and excellent time is made. In addition to the local trains there will be two flyers to the Lakes, the Lakeland Limited and Sunrise Express, and two flyers south-bound, the Queen City Flyer and Twilight Limited. Through sleepers will run to and from Toronto, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and New York, and, of course a splendid equipment of parlor cars, dining cars, and luxurious day coaches. C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent C.P.R., at Toronto, will be glad to mail full particulars of trains and handsome illustrated Muskoka folder, or same may be obtained free from local C.P.R. agents.

Most men who marry money earn it.—St. Joseph News-Press.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE Military ball held last evening in the Queen's Royal Casino, from the young person's standpoint, at least, may be recorded as an unqualified success. It was distinctly a young persons' dance, for the sudden illness of Mrs. Otter cast a shadow over this affair that a good floor and good music could not entirely dispel from the minds of the older folk, and much of the brilliancy of former years was lacking in the absence of the General and the officers of the staff. Notwithstanding, the floor and the music were excellent and the decrease in the "among those present" list decidedly conducive to the comfort of the dancers, for the Saturday dance was just a bit crowded, and the enjoyment of a good waltz last evening was safely removed from a vague possibility to a delightful certainty that everyone appreciated to the full.

A large party drove over from the 'Bank,' Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Macrae and Mrs. Baldwin, bringing Miss Yvonne Nordheimer in a dainty rosebud muslin with pink girdle; Mrs. Irving I. Madison in an exquisite frock of white net; Miss Macrae and Miss Warren, also in white; Miss Jean Alexander, much admired in a white satin gown with garniture of rose-colored velvet; Mrs. Van Straubenzee, exquisite frock of pale blue mull; Miss Joan Arnoldi in grey hand-embroidered muslin, and Miss Joyce Grant in pale green, *en princesse* with American Beauty roses, were two popular partners; Mrs. Jim Foy wore a beautiful gown of pale blue satin and Mrs. Wilson (Niagara Falls), white lace with black velvet; Miss Patti Warren, the guest of Mrs. E. R. Thomas of Buffalo, came over with Miss Thomas, Miss Warren in white satin and Miss Thomas in pale green tulle. Miss Bissell (Buffalo), white net; Miss Lansing, pale blue mull; Miss Garrett, white muslin; and Mrs. James Fraser MacDonald in flowered organdie.

Quite a number of people were over from the Falls, N. Y. Miss Rosenmuller, in pink, and Miss Dorothy Rosenmuller, in a sweet frock of pale blue organdie; Miss Dorothy Hancock in yellow and Miss Mercur, very handsome white satin gown; Miss Lazier (Hamilton) wore white, as did Miss Adele Silvester and Miss Gladys Nordheimer; Mrs. Moncrieff (Buffalo), very handsome grey hand-painted gown; Mrs. Vaux Chadwick and Miss Martin were also in white; Miss Marjory MacDonald, pale green and Miss Marjory Cochrane and Miss Mary Garrett, black gowns. Mrs. Watts Lansing wore a very handsome gown of old rose silk; Mrs. Fay Andrews (Chicago), grey silk. The white frocks tactfully chosen by so many of the women present were in excellent contrast to the scarlet of the mess uniform worn by so many of the officers, among whom were noticed: Mr. Clement Peplar, Mr. Bertram Denison, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Fletcher McPhedran, Mr. Frank McFarland, Mr. Bruce, Capt. Denison, Mr. King, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Ryerson, Major Beckett, Mr. Douglas Young, and among the no less popular civilians: Mr. Watson, Mr. Jim Foy,

Dr. Greenwood, Mr. Pat Cowdry, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Hamilton Garrett, Mr. Scirmerhorn, Mr. Rose and Mr. Egbert, all of the Falls, N.Y., with Captain Ballon, Dr. Suggs and several others from Fort Niagara.

The Niagara Tennis and Golf Club has issued invitations for the Club opening which takes place on Saturday afternoon. There will be the usual dance Saturday evening.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Lister has gone to Sault Ste. Marie to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Harrison. Mrs. Melvin-Jones has been on a short visit to the same city. Miss Melvin-Jones will sail from England the first week in July. Mrs. Magann and Miss Charlotte Langmuir have spent three months in Paris and Nice, with a short stay in London, where they came in for some of the doings in honor of colonials. Lady Minto and Lady Eileen Elliott were reported to be looking more charming than ever when seen in London recently.

Mrs. Arthur G. Strathly has returned from England. Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald have returned from the seaside. Monsieur Martin left for Port Hope on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Grant and their three little daughters were in town on Monday, en route from Niagara to Belleville. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis will spend a holiday at St. Andrews, where Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope have a cottage. Lady Tilley is summing at The Inn, St. Andrews, a most cosy and artistic little hostelry. Mr. Cockburn spent the week at Birch Point, his Muskoka place.

On the afternoon of Tuesday a very interesting ceremony in connection with St. Margaret's College was held on the new site, at the head of Jarvis street on Bloor street east, when Miss Mortimer Clark of Government House "turned the first sod." The new site is very picturesque and altogether suitable for a private school, the grounds being large and secluded and the location easy of access by street car from any point of the city. The company gathered for the occasion was entirely made up of St. Margaret's College girls past and present, with a few friends and others immediately interested in the college, and on every side could be heard enthusiastic expressions of admiration for the new grounds. Mr. J. K. Macdonald made a very stirring address, and Mr. Dickson, director of the college, in his address, referred at some length to the plan of the new building to be erected, and which will amply cover all class-room demands, as well as giving commodious accommodation for residence. Before the "turning of the sod" the invocation prayer was made by Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, L.L.D., principal of St. Andrew's College, after which Miss Annie Hendry handed Miss Clark the spade, who turned the sod most cleverly. Little Miss Louise Macdonald then presented Miss Clark with a bouquet of pink roses, a gift from the pupils. Afternoon tea was served and all assembled wandered at will over the beautiful grounds.

Mr. Abe Granstein, of Toronto, is at the Queen's Hotel, Montreal.

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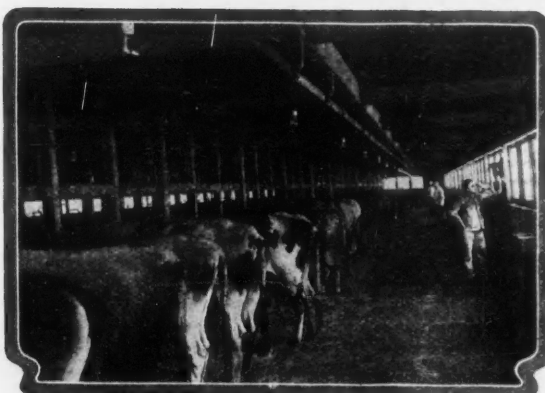
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If you are interested in any of the weddings for which June is famous this sale will afford you a rare opportunity to obtain at little cost something at once unique and beautiful for the bridal gift.

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Swiss Voile, 44 inches wide, fine quality, white ground with white polka dots, white figures, wreaths and sprays. \$1.50

Swiss Hand Embroidered Muslins, 44 inches wide, sheer quality, white ground with figures and dot, also pale blue figures and pale pink figures on white ground, figures of wreaths, lovers' knots, polka dots, etc. \$1.25

Polka Dots of various sizes, 31 inches wide, fine sheer quality, on white ground, dots of pale pink, pale blue, mauve, black, white, green and other dainty shades. 50c.

30 inches wide, color grounds, with self-colored dots, brown, black, mauve, sky, pink, etc. 35c.

Hand Printed Brussels Nets, 31 inches

wide, very fine quality, dainty designs of roses, orchids, chrysanthemums and other flowers, exquisite colorings. 75c.

French Organdies, 30 inches wide, all fine qualities and hundreds of designs and combinations to choose from, a special ground work of white and colored silk trellis. 65c. and 50c.

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Pretty Silk Organdies, 29 inches wide, white and colored grounds, dainty floral and other effects, special lines here.

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Regular 75c. for 29c.

Cotton Organdies, 29 inches wide, similar colors to above 35c. and 25c.

Silk Dotted Mull, 28 inches wide, pretty shades of sky, Alice pink,

mauve, yellow, grey, navy, white, black, etc. 39c.

Scotch and Irish Dimities, 28 inches wide, plain and figured 15, 25, 30c.

Fancy Checked Voile Suitings, 44 inches wide, most suitable for spring dresses, a tiny check of white on ground of pink, sky, mauve, white, linen, green, grey, etc. \$1.00

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R. A. S. VOGT and Mrs. Vogt leave Toronto on Monday next en route to New York where they will embark on the Deutschland for Plymouth. Dr. and Mrs. Vogt will devote nine days to England and thence they will go to Germany. It is understood that Dr. Vogt while in Europe will make some preliminary arrangements for the trip of the Mendelssohn Choir to England in 1908.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough left this week for the West to conduct the annual examinations of the Toronto College of Music at the various centres between North Bay and the Pacific coast. He returns from Victoria in time to reach Toronto again by July 15. During Mr. Fairclough's absence his place at the organ in All Saints' church will be taken by his pupil, Mr. F. S. Park.

Master Harold Jarvis, the young son of the popular tenor, Harold Jarvis, has from all accounts been distinguishing himself in Germany, where he has been pursuing his musical studies, under Mr. Harry M. Field. The Dresden Daily speaks of a recent public performance in Dresden as follows:—"Master Harold Jarvis, only twelve years of age, played four numbers: Chant Polonoise, by Liszt; Prelude in C sharp minor, Rachmaninoff; Etude by Schult, and Prelude in G minor, Chopin. He showed wonderful talent and excellent training. His performance augured well for a brilliant future."

The season of 1906-7 gave encouraging evidences of the growth of musical culture in our midst, as well as of advancement in the achievements of performance by our choral societies. The volume of music of various schools offered was very large, and it is gratifying to be able to record that all the legitimate local performances met with a support that left a credit balance in the treasury. As has been the case for the past few years, the musical public had the educational advantage of hearing numerous novelties. In opera Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and Donizetti's light opera, "Don Pasquale," were produced for the first time, the first by the Henry Savage Company, who have become regular visitors, and the second by the San Carlo Italian Opera Company, of which the leading members were Mme. Nordica, Alice Neilson and Senor Constantine, the latter a Spanish tenor of distinction. In the realm of symphony were heard for the first time Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, a fine work, which is likely to become very popular; Chabrier's Spanish Rhapsody, a clever and characteristic work; Mendelssohn's beautiful overture to "Fingal's Cave," all performed by the Pittsburgh Orchestra at the Mendelssohn Choir concerts; Brahms' First Symphony, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Lalo's "A Village Festival," Elgar's Spanish Serenade, played by the New York Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of the National Chorus. For chorus with orchestra, the first productions were Elgar's "Challenge to Thor," Liszt's 113th Psalm, Humperdinck's dramatic ballad, "Pilgrimage to Kelvar," Brahms' "Song of Destiny," all by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra; Frederic Cliffe's cantata, "Ode to the North Wind," by the National Chorus and the New York Symphony Orchestra; Schubert's "Song of Miriam" and Eaton Fanning's "Song of Liberty" by the Schubert Choir and the Chicago Orchestra. In oratorio, Dr. Torrington's Festival Chorus and the Sherlock Oratorio Society gave respectively Handel's "Messiah," for many years an annual function, and Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," which Mr. Sherlock revived after a long rest. An inspiring novelty in the unaccompanied work of the Mendelssohn Choir was Lotti's "Crucifixus." I must not forget to mention that the Mendelssohn Choir repeated their wonderful performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and that they created a critical sensation in New York with the same work. In comic opera Messenger's "The Two Little Michus" was the only new production worthy of note. A high-class concert supplied independently of local effort was the concert of the New York Symphony in October, when the principal items of the programme were the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony, Wagner's "Rienzi" overture and the introduction to the third act of the "Meistersinger," all more or less familiar. Miscellaneous concerts of much merit were given by

the People's Choir Union, the Conservatory String Orchestra, the Toronto Ladies' Trio, the Toronto String Quartette, and last but not least, the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, under their talented conductor, Frank Welsman, who won a brilliant triumph for the organization on their first appearance. Admirable solo performances were given at various times by J. D. A. Tripp, Frank Welsman, Eugenie Quehen, pianists; Frank Blachford, Frank Smith, Miss Adamson, violinists, and Mme. Le Grand Reed, Arthur Blight, R. S. Pigott and other vocalists. The piano recitals were too numerous to mention. The distinguished artists from abroad who appeared were Mme. Schumann Heink, Mme. Nordica, vocalists; Marie Hall and Arthur Hartmann, violinists; Rosenthal and Gertrude Peppercorn, pianists.

Mr. George Wilson, recently of Sackville, N.B., has been appointed successor to the late Dr. Perse Smith as organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas' Church. Mr. Wilson received his musical training in London, England, and Leipzig. In London he studied with Sir J. Barnby, and in Leipzig with Reinecke, Siloti and other eminent teachers.

The late Arthur Ingham, organist and choirmaster of Central Methodist church, whose sudden death has already been recorded, left his widow and three children unprotected. A movement has been started to raise a memorial testimonial fund for the benefit of the family, and Mrs. W. E. H. Massey has kindly consented to act as treasurer. The following gentlemen of the committee appointed for the purpose will, however, also be glad to receive contributions: G. H. Wood, of Wood, Gundy & Co., Lawlor Building; C. E. Edmonds, of Christie Brown & Co., 31-43 Duke street, and W. G. Bilton, of Bilton Bros., 69 King street west. The movement is one that deserves generous support, and should appeal to benevolent churchgoers as well as to the musical community.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has issued invitations for the commencement exercises, to be held in Massey Hall on Thursday next, June 27. The Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra will assist and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario has kindly consented to present the diplomas. Should any parents of students not have received invitation cards, they are asked to notify the Conservatory. For those who wish to secure reserved seats, the box office will open at Massey Hall next Monday at 9 a.m.

Why should there not be musical clowns as well as circus clowns? Paris has Louis Laloy, who is quoted in the New Music Review (Novello) as saying that Debussy is the "purest musician" that has appeared since Mozart. He has invented new forms to translate the emotions of his heart. "All those who at any epoch have thought or felt forcibly have at the same time created a language with which to clothe their dream. This language is necessarily adopted in turn by their contemporaries. Harmony as it has been enriched by Debussy must be employed to-day by anyone that wishes to be understood. All that which has preceded is out of use. Ancient works remain because we know they are ancient, and we translate them instinctively from their style into our style; but a work written to-day which should reproduce the cadences and the harmonic enchainment of Beethoven, Bach, Wagner, would seem to us only a curious archaism, good only for the purpose of interesting admirers of a *tour de force*." Poor Wagner! To think of his having become antiquated so soon!

The dates for next season's National Chorus concerts have been fixed for January 13 and 14, 1908. In addition to the engagement of Mr. Walter Damrosch and his superb New York Symphony orchestra, it is announced that negotiations are in progress for the appearance of several vocalists of the highest rank at these concerts. The choral music will include Cole-ridge-Taylor's beautiful cantata, "The Death of Minnehaha," for soprano and baritone soli, and chorus; Sir Hubert Parry's newest work, a clever, musically setting of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," for tenor and bass soli, and chorus; and Gounod's "Music Flow, Trumpet Blow," from the opera "La Reine de Saba." The executive of this progressive organization are to be

heartily congratulated on the success of their efforts in the past, and doubtless the public generally will continue to give the National Chorus the hearty support it deserves. The conductor, Dr. Albert Ham, requests us to state that all applications for places in the Chorus should be sent to the General Secretary, Mr. S. T. Church, 23 Ross street, or directly to himself at 561 Jarvis street, on or before June 30.

The following pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight's have been appointed soloists in city churches: Miss Mabel Palen, soprano soloist, in the Metropolitan; Miss Clara Stiles, soprano soloist, Knox Presbyterian; Miss Grace McKenzie, soprano soloist, Carlton St. Methodist.

Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott is giving a recital in the Conservatory Music Hall this Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., for his pupil, Miss Brenda Smellie, assisted by the Toronto Ladies' Trio. The programme will include Mr. Pigott's well-known rendering of "The Lady of Shalott," accompanied by the trio.

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Amateur Flautist—"Are you sure the thing's all right?"

German Dealer—"Certainly, mein Herr."

Amateur Flautist—"Gad, then, if that's what my playing is like, I'm done with the flute for ever."—Punch.

A large and appreciative audience greeted Miss Alma Rogers on the occasion of her annual concert in McBean's Hall, exemplifying the Fletcher



Miss Beatrice Lillie
A Toronto child vocalist, as Mimosa San in "Jappand."

cher music method in its various phases, through the medium of her pupils. That it is a successful method seemed evident, all her pupils, from the tiniest of tots up to the more adult, showing the results to be obtained from her course of training. The varied programme, which was of considerable length, was carried through without the slightest hitch, and the applause which greeted the various selections must have been as gratifying to Miss Rogers as it was to her pupils. Perhaps the nicety of playing and technique of Miss Minerva Perry and Miss Margaret Brady might be referred to, they representing the more mature results of the training. Little Miss Helen Dean's original composition—"Helen's March"—exemplified the excellent benefits of the Fletcher method in musical composition.

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ANECDOTE



THE retirement of Lord Archibald Campbell from the active management of Coutts' Bank in London brings to mind a tale which may not be true, but is certainly amusing. Lord Archibald fell in love with Miss Janet Callander, and went to his father, the Duke of Argyll, for his approval of the engagement.

"I'm delighted; nothing could be better," said the Duke. "But—er—er—hadn't you better let me speak to Lorne? He might think we ought to consult the princess."

So to his brother, the Marquess of Lorne—now the Duke of Argyll—they went, and he certainly thought that his wife should be consulted as to who should be admitted into the family.

"If Archie likes her, she suits me down to the ground," said the princess impulsively. "But, you know, I think I ought to speak to the Queen."

Her late Majesty graciously approved of the match. "But, Louise, I think I ought to consult our German cousin first," she said, and accordingly wrote to the German Emperor.

The Kaiser—the present Emperor's grandfather—remembered having met Miss Callander, and approved of the match, but left his letter open because he did not care to answer finally without consulting Bismarck.

The Kaiser found his chancellor, and telling him of the proposed alliance, asked what he thought. When his sovereign had finished, Bismarck blew a cloud of smoke and replied, "Me? Oh, I don't care a hang!"

A UNIVERSITY graduate was recently given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a huge railway system.

The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report; so the first morning he appeared in the office of his chief at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness.

On the second attempt the clerk presented himself at eight-thirty, only to find that the president was there ahead of him, working hard.

The third day the young man went at eight o'clock, with the same result. That night as he went home the clerk took counsel with himself, and determined to be ahead of the boss the next morning. Accordingly he arrived at the office at seven-thirty the fourth day; but there was the chief working away as if he had not left the office at all.

As the clerk entered, the president looked at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoon?"

THE grandson of a man who had befriended Russell Sage called one day, asking for a loan of \$10, promising that he would repay in a week's time. Sage let him have the money without undue fuss. At the hour appointed the young man reappeared, laid the \$10 before the millionaire and departed. Soon afterwards he called again, saying that he wanted \$100 for a sound and excellent investment. If Sage would let him have the money he would refund with interest upon a given date. The old man beamed kindly upon his young friend. "My boy," he said, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to do it again." The young man gasped. "Yes," the other went on, "you paid me back that \$10 when I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have \$100, I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment is enough at my time of life, my boy." And he pleasantly bowed his visitor out of the office.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON, formerly Vice-President of the United States, is fond of telling an odd experience he had shortly after the Civil War. At that time David Davis was much talked of as the man to run against General Grant for the presidency. A conference was held in Mr. Stevenson's residence, many leading Illinois and other Democrats being present. A good deal was said about the possible candidacy of Mr. Davis, but no one happened to mention his first name.

After the conference broke up Mr. Stevenson drew an old farmer friend into a corner and asked his opinion. The farmer was from the extreme southern end of Illinois. He said: "Well, you know, Adlai, I've followed your lead in politics for a good while and I'm going to do it now. But, honest, Adlai, don't you think it's a little mite early to nominate Jeff Davis?"

A GOOD story of John Bright and Peabody, the philanthropist, is recalled by Mr. Justice Johnston's interesting reference to the former in his charge to the jury at Limerick in the action of William O'Brien, M.P. The judge pointed out that it was to Bright, who came frequently to Ireland to fish at Castleconnell, near Limerick, that they owed the initiation of the action to buy land in Ireland for the tenants. On these occasions the great tribune was always accompanied by George Peabody.

One day they went a couple of miles up the Shannon between Castleconnell and Killaloe. They had engaged the services of two boatmen, and as Bright and Peabody were keen anglers they made a long day of it. On returning in the evening Bright, noticing a policeman on the river bank, asked what sum the boatmen were entitled to for their time.

The constable said anything from seven and sixpence to ten shillings. Bright turned to his companion, saying: "I have no change, Peabody; have you three half crowns?" The millionaire produced the coins and gave them to one of the boatmen, who said: "And is that all ye're givin' me?" "That is all," replied Peabody. "Well, that bates all I ever heard," observed the boatman, adding, as he scratched his head, "An' they call ye Paybody. Faith, I should call you Paynobody!"

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, when on a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral, asked Her Majesty's own piper to have some one play in his presence. "What kind o' a piper do you want?" asked the man.

"Just such another as yourself," said the English statesman.

Drawing himself up, the musician said grandly: "There's plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few pipers like me."

HENRY C. ROBINSON, a witty lawyer, who used to live in Hartford, Conn., told the following anecdote one evening when he was introducing an English author to a Hartford audience:

"The most famous Englishman whom I ever saw was Charles Dickens, who lectured here in Hartford when I was a young boy.

"I had read some of the stories of this great writer and I was most anxious to catch a glimpse of the man himself. So on the afternoon when he was expected to arrive I walked up and down the street in front of the hotel where I knew he was to stay.

"The hotel was built close to the sidewalk and the long windows of the parlor were so low that the passerby could easily see into the room.

"I soon realized that a gentleman was sitting within reading a paper. I stepped close up under the window and pressed my face against the glass, eager to get a good look at the stranger. Yes it was he! It really was! I had seen his picture often and couldn't be mistaken. I stared and stared, anxious to impress every feature upon my memory. After a few moments he turned and saw me there, the little eager Yankee boy, gazing up at his face; and then the famous man, laying aside his paper, actually spoke, so that I really heard the voice of the great Charles Dickens himself and he was really talking to me!"

Here Mr. Robinson paused impressively and some one on the platform inquired, "What did he say, Mr. Robinson?"

"He said," replied Mr. Robinson, in subdued tones, "Go away, little boy; go away!"

THE story is told of how a little girl had been listening intently to her mother reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" aloud, and finally, when the story was finished, the child raised her blue eyes questioningly and said:

"Why is it, mother, that the book never mentions Topsy's last name?"

"My child," replied the mother, "I guess she had no other name."

"Oh yes, she had, and I know it," returned the little girl.

"Well, what was it?"

"Why, 'Turvy'—Topsy Turvy."

AN automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak, sick looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer \$10 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will \$5 satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a \$5 bill to the man with the gun, and added pleasantly: "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going to the woods to shoot the dog."

SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN, who has been a member of the English bar for half a century and a magistrate for thirty years, is noted for his wonderful memory. There is a story relating to this of an old lady who had been hoping for many years to obtain some thousands of pounds for breach of promise to marry, alleged to have been made in her youth, and who appealed to Sir Albert for advice.

"I know all about it," he said to her. "You spoke to me about twenty years ago at Marylebone police court. I then advised you to instruct a solicitor. The advice I now give you is the same."

BEERBOHM TREE, the eminent English actor, is noted for his absent-mindedness, and it is related that one night, upon coming out of the theatre, he entered a cab on which was a strange driver. "Home" was all the direction the cabbie received.

He waited some time fearing he might lose his fare before he asked Mr. Tree where his home was. His dismay was unbounded when the actor responded: "Why should I tell a perfect stranger where my beautiful home is?"

THE manager of a big factory is reported to have assembled his men together in the time office and told them to vote as they pleased in an election that was near at hand.

"In fact, I shan't tell you how I am going to vote," he said, "but after it is all over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ("Hear, hear!" shouted the men.) "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Blank gets in."

A FRIEND of Oliver Herford, the artist and author, enjoys nothing more than to elicit a witticism from him by means of a series of odd questions. He said one day:

"Oliver, have you ever talked with a conceited German barber, one of those individuals whose head is perfectly round, like an orange, and whose hair stands up straight, like hog's bristles?"

"I have," said Oliver.

"Then, tell me what is your definition of such a conceited German barber."

"A conceited German barber of the type mentioned," replied Herford solemnly, "is a human sausage endowed with unlimited power of speech."

A NOW well-known author once drifted down into Arkansas in search of local color. As he was "roughing it," his appearance was not calculated to inspire the local landlords with confidence. In one town he was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground.

"Say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip.

The other eyed him coldly. "Wall," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do would be to show ther night watchman—the one with ther shotgun—a receipted bill foh yo' board an' lodg-in' an' get him to tie up ther bulldog."

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They are more comfortable than any other bed on the market—last five times as long, owing to the latest interlocking wire, as the ordinary bed—don't sag—but give with your body, affording it the support that a tired frame needs. Test a Hercules for 30 nights FREE. Examine it, test it in any way you will. Note how rigid every wire is, and see how it holds its shape and retains its springiness. Then if you are not better satisfied with it than with any bed you ever slept upon—tell your dealer and he'll take it back and refund your money. If Hercules were not the best bed on the market we couldn't make this offer—could we?

BE SURE that you get the Genuine Hercules—not one bearing a name that has a similar sound, or any imitation.

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg



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ANTIQUE GALLERIES



Lager, Pale Ale and Stout

have conquered the markets of the world. Everywhere that beer is consumed ALLSOPP'S is recognized as the highest grade of all the products of the world's most famous breweries.

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY,
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MONTREAL
TO LIVERPOOL
The Royal Route to Europe
Turbine Steamers
VICTORIAN
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PORT TO PORT IN SEVEN DAYS
1000 MILES RIVER & GULF
OCEAN PASSAGE 4 DAYS
ACCOMMODATION, ATTEND-
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77 Yonge Street, TORONTO



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EMPRESES
TO LIVERPOOL
Friday, June 14th.....EMPRESE OF IRELAND
Saturday, June 22nd.....LAKE MANITOBA
Friday, June 28th.....EMPRESE OF BRITAIN
Saturday, July 6th.....LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Friday, July 12th.....EMPRESE OF IRELAND
Saturday, July 20th.....LAKE ERIE
Friday, July 26th.....EMPRESE OF BRITAIN
Saturday, Aug. 3rd.....LAKE MANITOBA

TO LONDON
LAKE MICHIGAN, "3rd only".....June 30th
MONTROSE, 2nd only.....July 12th
MOUNT TEMPLE, 2nd and 3rd only, July 28th
For full particulars apply

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Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York and all U. S. Ports
NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPANY
TIME TABLE
Daily, except Sunday, from foot of Yonge St. steamers.
Leave Toronto 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.30 p.m.
Arrive Toronto—10.30 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 3 p.m., 4.30 p.m., 8.15 p.m., 10.15 p.m.

City Ticket Office, ground floor, Traders Bank Building, A. F. Webster, and Yonge street wharf
Book tickets on sale at City Ticket Office, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.

R&O TOURIST LINE
Steamers
"TORONTO" and "KINGSTON"

Commence running June 1st, leaving Toronto at 3.00 p.m. daily except Sunday, for 1,000 Islands, Montreal, Quebec, and Lower St. Lawrence resorts, and the Saguenay River.

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ANOTHER GREAT YEAR FOR

The Mutual Life OF CANADA

Gains—gains—gains in every department—is the splendid record made by this Company during the past year.

Here are the facts for 1906:—
Gains in Income - \$ 116,904.22
Gains in Assets - 1,089,447.69
Gains in Surplus - 251,377.46
Gains in Insurance - 2,712,453.00

Such increases clearly demonstrate the esteem in which this Company is held by Canadians.

They know that when they take a policy in The Mutual Life, they become an owner of the Company, and share in all the profits.

Write for copy of the 37th Annual Statement and other valuable information, to any of the Company's Agents, or to

Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.

5.20 P.M., C.P.R., FOR NEW YORK.

Two Pullmans daily, arriving Grand Central Station by the New York Central 7.50 a.m.

BRANNIGAN'S NERVE

BY NORMAN CROWELL

WALLOPIN' Tom Geery was in the final stages of a harrowing narrative when William P. Brannigan, puncher on the X L diggings, pounded in under a full head of steam and leaned over the bar with a familiarity that jarred the place. While Bill threw in a single, a double header and repeat without swallowing, the hair-raising yarn drew to a hurried and untimely close.

After methodically combing the froth of his mule-tails, the new arrival advanced toward the group about the stove with menace in his eye.

"Purty darn good remarks, them was, Wallopin'. Don't believe I could have ekalled that feat you was tellin' of even in my best days. Do I ketch ye right in thinkin' it was you what kidnaped that Injun chief's darter under that perfect hail er arrers?"

Wallopin' looked a trifle weary but admitted blushing that it was none else.

"Well now, son, that was nervy—blame nervy! But tellin' about it was jest about as nervy or maybe a little more so," said Bill as he aimed himself at a chair and sat down heavily.

After whipping out a copious plug of tobacco and disconnecting a cheekful from a prominent corner he drew a deep inspiration and glanced at the faces round about.

"Boys," said he, as he made a mysterious pass wherein the plug faded forever from human eye, "after ye've knowed this here Wallopin' person th' time I have ye'll git onto th' facts that he loves th' truth jest as severe as he is infatuated with work. He'd do first-class if he wa'n't some cross-eyed on th' fundamental principles o' th' business."

Following the approving chuckles the speaker hitched a leg across its mate and resumed.

"Speakin' about nerve makes me recall a leetle something that happened to me a few years ago. I was driftin' around th' streets o' Frisco broke clear in two an' with cramps in the floatin' rigs from ridin' brakebeams. Feller run agin me one day an' he says:

"'Lookin' for work, pard?'
"Course he ketched me off my guard some an', like a fool, I prevaricated an' said that I was."

"Any petikelar line?" he says.
"Not that I knows of," says I.
"Jest so there's money comin', eh?"
"How'd you guess it?" I says.
"Then this feller took me by th' hand and pulled me to one side and begun whisperin' a few bundles of information into me. By th' time he'd got through my wool was stickin' up so's you could have druv it in with a mallet.

"But, bein' game, I agreed, as I was needin' th' money bad. He took me down to a big buildin' on th' aidge of town an' interduced me to four of th' toughest humans I ever see collected into one bunch. One of 'em hands me a long knife, ground sharp as a razor, an' I see right off I was in for it to th' eyelids. Then they led me into a long, thin room an' begun rollin' up their sleeves. I rolled mine up, too. Then I looked down an' see fresh blood on th' floor an' while I was lookin' at it one feller pulled his watch an' said we'd better begin.

"Jest about that time o' day Bill Brannigan was a-sayin' what few prayers he knowed, but I kept my grip onto that knife, callatin' on a desprit attempt if th' wust come to th' wust. Then I heard a noise—a sorter wailin' an' shriekin'—it was enough to make your blood back up to hear them groans, but th' fellers only gritted their teeth an' told me to git prepared.

"I heard men's voices—holleerin'—but I knowed they was too far off to help anyway, so I jest stood there waitin' fer them pore critters what was comin' to their doom.
"Well, fellers—"

Here the speaker tossed his cud into the farthest spittoon and drew out the plug. The listeners were sitting in breathless silence, intent upon every word of the marrow-freezing tale. Suddenly Bill leaned forward in his chair and held up a finger.

"Boys—"
Deep pathos was apparent in his tone as he paused and glanced hurriedly for the spittoon, into which he spat with a power and precision that elicited the admiration of the audience.

"It was awful. I've been in skirmishes where men was killed—but them was fair fights—no murderin'. Each man took his chances then—but here them miserable critters came in on armed an' unsuspectin' an' before they'd get their bearin's their throats could be cut. There's no use a-denyin', fellers, it was jest butchery, pure

an' simple. I can't get around that—it was butchery."
The barkeeper's peg-leg came down with a thump that roused half the hearers with a gasp.
"But—but—" began Wallopin', hesitatingly.

Bill gazed into the fire and shuddered.
"Wh-what—was it?" finished Wallopin'.

"Well, boys, th' only explanation I can give ye is what I jest said—it was butchery—jest butchery—it was in a packin' house."

A dense, violet-scented silence reigned for a brief instant. Then a noise that sounded like a run on the bank ensued and the entire crowd drew up in line against the bar, while William Brannigan gazed into the stove and chuckled hoarsely.—Outing for June.

The Boss

By the Office Boy.

When things go easy, he just sarnters round
At ten o'clock or so; then reads his mail,
Dictates some half dozen letters to the girl,
Tosses us each a word, or maybe two,
Looks at the papers, lights a good cigar,
'Phones to a friend, and then goes out to lunch.
And I go home and say to maw—
"Gee whizz!
I hate to work. I wish I was the Boss!"

But my, when things go wrong!
maybe a strike,
Or prices down, or some bank goes and busts—
Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at eight!
Then he don't take no time to read the news,
Nor eat no lunch, but keeps us all a-jump.

Then he shoots letters at the girl till she
Get flustered red spots on her cheeks;
and makes
Even old Chief Clerk hustle; you know him,
That fat one, with the sort of double chin.
And me—why, I'm greased lightning when he calls.
And when night comes, then he looks kind er pale
And anxious like, and yet so full of fight
I get a sort of aching in my throat
Like something choked me, when I look at him.
And I go home and say to maw—
"Gee whizz!
Bizness is tough. I'm glad I ain't the Boss!"—Geraldine Meyrick in Harper's Magazine.

A well-known Harvard professor was one day travelling by trolley from Cambridge to Boston, where he desired to call upon a friend. He asked the conductor to transfer him to the city cars at a certain point.

Soon afterward the car stopped, and the Harvard man, on looking out of the window, was surprised to see the very friend he was seeking. He started to leave the car, but the conductor stopped him.

"You can't change here," he said brusquely.
The professor passed him, making no response.
"You can't change here, I tell you," persisted the conductor.

By this time the professor was on the rear step. "Here, you old jay!" exclaimed the conductor, "haven't I told you that you can't change here?"
At this the good man flushed. "Well I can change my mind here, can't I?"

"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?" asked the lawyer.

"I was, sir."
"Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at that time?"
"I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—Lippincott's.

Jigley—We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbubs remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne. Citiman—The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now? Jigley—Pronounces what? Citiman—Quinine. — Philadelphia Press.

The prodigal had returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?" "No," responded the old man, looking the youth over carefully, "no, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off."—Cleveland Leader.

Mother—But what do you expect to do later, my son, if you never learn to write?

Son—Oh, that will be all right. I'll buy a typewriter.—Silhouette.

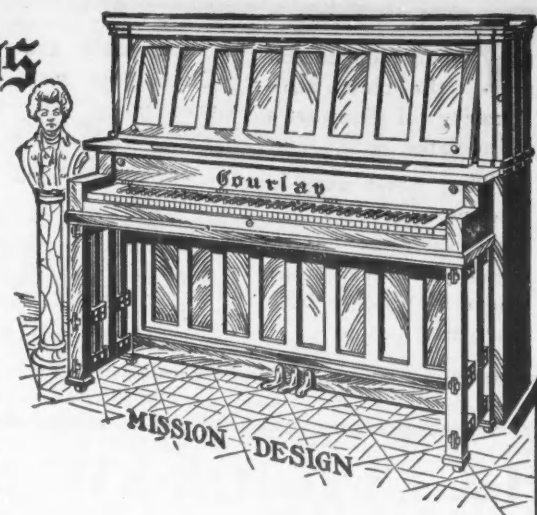
Gourlay Pianos

Add the One Charm That Perfects the Home Circle

Well-to-do homes need the joys that go with art to make culture a blessing and happiness complete. Art in the home requires no other inspiration than a piano that attracts the members of the family to itself both by its intrinsic beauty and the lovely music it yields.

GOURLAY PIANOS

Are the chief exponent of high-grade piano building in Canada. Beautiful in design and finish, and without a peer in full, rich, melodious tone, they are the most "companionable" pianos possible, perfecting with the purest music happy home life.



Besides, if they are a little high-priced, they are worth the price, because the GOURLAY PIANOS are the MOST SERVICEABLE AND DEPENDABLE instruments—wearing well and staying in tune in all sorts of weather.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

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BRANCHES Hamilton—66 King Street West
London—195 Dundas Street

A Curious Servants' Union.

In connection with the advanced position taken by labor in New Zealand it may be interesting to note the attitude of the domestic servants of that colony. A union has been formed which, through its secretary at Wellington, sent out circulars to housewives, informing them of the "claims" of the Domestic Workers' Union, and expressing the hope that their reasonableness would be acknowledged by signing the agreement accompanying the circular letter, which informs those concerned that "by so doing you will obviate the unpleasantness of appearing personally or by agent before the Conciliation Board or Arbitration Court." Following are among the "claims" set forth in a circular:

The week's work shall consist of sixty-eight hours, to be divided as follows: Work to commence every morning, except holidays, at 6.30 a. m., and cease on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 7.30 p. m., with three intervals of one-half hour each for meals, and one hour's interval in the afternoon of each day.

On Thursdays work shall cease at 2 p. m., with two intervals of one-half hour each for meals.

On Sundays work shall cease at 2 p. m., with two intervals of half an hour each for meals, but domestics shall, if required, prepare tea between the hours of 5.30 p. m. and 6.30 p. m. on alternate Sundays.

On Wednesdays work shall cease at 10 p. m., with three intervals of half an hour each for meals and one hour interval in the afternoon.

On Sundays two hours shall be allowed to attend church in the morning.

Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's Day, King's Birthday, Prince of Wales' Birthday, Anniversary Day, Easter Monday, Labor Day and all statutory holidays shall be deemed to be holidays, and work done on those days shall be paid for at the rate of 1 shilling (24 cents) per hour.

Domestics shall be in every evening at 10 p. m., except Thursday, and on that night at 12 p. m.

To what extent these "claims" have been acknowledged has not yet transpired.

Some people have such a queer conception of their sense of duty that they tell the truth about others and lie about themselves.—Life.

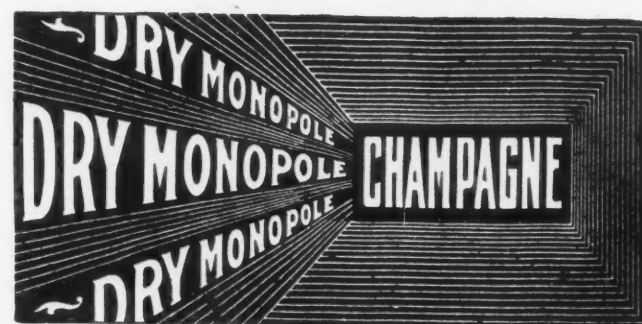
Cobbs—How much does your yacht draw?

Wads—About a hundred thousand a year.—Princeton Tiger.

TRISCUIT

Is Shredded Whole Wheat compressed into a cracker or wafer and cooked by electricity. Always ready to serve; it is tasty, wholesome and nutritious. As a food it is infinitely superior to corn, oats or white flour bread. Well adapted for "light-housekeeping" and noon-day lunches.

BISCUIT and TRISCUIT ensure health and comfort.
All Grocers; 13c. a Carton; 2 for 25c.



The Glove House of Canada

Perrin Freres & Cie take pleasure in announcing to the trade that they have removed their stock of gloves, etc., to

THE MARK FISHER BUILDING

(South-East Corner of Victoria Square and Craig Street, MONTREAL)

where they will occupy the entire seventh floor. The increase in floor space and the many modern conveniences in this splendid warehouse building will help us to give quicker attention to the esteemed orders of the many friends of

Perrin's Gloves

Gilbey's "Spey-Royal"

The Choicest and Oldest Pure Malt Scotch Whisky
AS SUPPLIED TO ROYALTY

Shipped and Guaranteed by W. & A. GILBEY, Proprietors of 5 Highland Distilleries

FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

R. H. HOWARD & CO., TORONTO

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YOU can depend on the rich, pure quality of Stewart's Chocolates.

They never vary in the peculiar deliciousness—the fine flavour—which have made them so popular with particular people.

Stewart's are the Chocolates you can take pride in giving your friends.

Insist on having

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THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Haven't You Often Wished

that you could have a beverage which would possess all the sparkling, stimulating qualities of liquors and yet be absolutely non-alcoholic? Such a beverage—pure, wholesome and stimulating—is realized in

KOPS ALE AND STOUT

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Strictly temperance drinks. Brewed from the choicest Kentish hops, they possess pure food and tonic qualities in the highest degree. Their pleasant, palatable taste adds zest to any meal; and their medicinal properties are invaluable to invalids and convalescents.

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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the Bank was held at the Head Office on Wednesday, the 19th instant, at 12 o'clock noon.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. W. F. Cowan, and Mr. George P. Schofield, General Manager, acted as Secretary to the meeting. The following Report was presented:—

The Directors, in presenting to the Shareholders the thirty-second Annual Report of the Bank, have pleasure in calling attention to the satisfactory results for the year ending 31st May, 1907.

After making the usual provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate of Interest on matured Bills under discount, etc., the profits amount to \$251,618.24, being 17.82 per cent. on the average paid up capital of the Bank for the year. To this has been added \$356,142, the premium on new stock issued at 200, which, together with the balance of Profit and Loss Account of \$31,721.72 brought forward, makes up the sum of \$639,551.92.

This amount has been appropriated as follows:—

Quarterly Dividend No. 63, paid 1st Sept., 1906, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum..... \$36,347 33

Quarterly Dividend No. 64, paid 1st Dec., 1906, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum..... 40,525 54

Quarterly Dividend No. 65, paid 1st Mar., 1907, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum..... 44,948 00

Quarterly Dividend No. 66, payable 1st June, 1907, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum..... 46,059 60

Reduction of Bank Premises, etc..... 10,000 00

Transferred to Reserve Account from premium on new stock..... 356,142 00

Balance carried forward to Profit and Loss Account..... 195,529 45

\$639,551 92

During the year a second allotment of \$312,500 to Shareholders of record was made at 100 per cent. premium out of the increased authorized capital.

General By-laws will be submitted for the sanction of the Shareholders, including one changing the date of the closing of the financial year from the 31st day of May to the 31st day of January; also a By-law authorizing the Directors to establish an Officers' Pension Fund, and to contribute annually from the funds of the Bank in assisting this fund.

Branches or sub-branches of the Bank have been established during the year at Belleville, Bond Head, Cambray, Cobalt, Cobourg, Grafton, Lindsay, Ottawa, Priceville, Strathroy, Toronto (corner Charles and Yonge Streets), and Woodville, making a total of forty-seven Branches, all in the Province of Ontario.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank have been carefully inspected during the year, and the duties of the staff have been efficiently discharged.

W. F. COWAN, President.

Toronto, 31st May, 1907.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.
Balance brought forward from 31st May, 1906.....	\$ 31,701 72	
Profits for year ending 31st May, 1907, after deducting expenses, interest accrued on deposits, rebate of interest on unmatured bills, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts.....	251,618 24	
Premium on new stock.....	356,142 00	
	\$639,551 92	
		\$639,551 92

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Notes in circulation.....	\$ 1,068,430 00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date).....	12,786,577 50
Deposits not bearing interest.....	1,850,089 75
Dividends unpaid.....	14,076,677 25
Dividend No. 66, payable 1st June, 1907.....	46,059 60
Due to agents in Great Britain.....	1,174,984 56
Due to other banks—In Canada.....	90,484 40
In United States.....	201,678 48
	\$17,292,577 09
Capital.....	\$1,540,420 00
Reserve Fund.....	1,940,420 00
Rebate of interest on bills discounted.....	47,903 73
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward.....	106,529 45
	\$3,334,063 18
	\$30,626,640 87
	\$30,626,640 87

The President, in presenting the Report and Statements, called attention to their satisfactory nature, and on motion they were adopted.

The usual motions were then passed, and the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.: W. F. Cowan, Frederick Wyld, W. F. Allen, W. R. Johnston, Wellington Francis, F. W. Cowan and H. Langlois.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board W. F. Cowan was re-elected President and Frederick Wyld Vice-President.

GEO. F. SCHOLFIELD, General Manager.

Toronto, 19th June 1907.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

TRADITIONS NOT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

Even yet the critics of New York are referring from time to time to the wonderful singing of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. That visit last February was a revelation to the musicians of that exceedingly critical city and the unanimous verdict of approval did much towards placing the Toronto organization in the front rank of the choral bodies of the world and the conductor, Dr. A. S. Vogt, on a par with the greatest choral conductors of the present day. But the Mendelssohn Choir was perhaps hampered to some extent because of its youth. It has no traditions and therein it differs from the great Bach Choir and other similar organizations of Europe which have been in existence for many years and have been conducted by some of the greatest composers. But traditions cannot make pure tones. Traditions cannot create musical intelligence. Traditions may assist, but cannot compel enthusiasm. In like manner, traditions cannot make good pianos. Unless a reputation is sustained constantly and consistently by good work, the name of the manufacturers will be one of no avail. It has been said that because the Gourlay piano has not been on the market for fifty years, it cannot be a good piano. But the Mendelssohn Choir, ten years old, won success because of intrinsic merit. And the Gourlay piano, four years old, is winning success for the same reason. Musicians in all parts of Canada are commenting on the wonderful purity of its tone and the elegance of its case design. The reason is that the Gourlay is the best piano that time, care and money can make. Thirty years from now there may be traditions about the Gourlay because it is going into the best homes of this country.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

BELL—At Medford, Wisconsin, U. S. A., June 11, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Harry Bell, a son.

ARMSTRONG—On Tuesday, June 18, 1907, at 70 Chestnut Park road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Armstrong, a daughter.

STONE—Rosedale, June 11, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Stone, a daughter.

RIDOUT—San Diego, Cal., June 14, 1907, the wife of Robert J. Ridout, of a son.

WESTMAN—Toronto, June 16, 1907, to Dr. and Mrs. Westman, a son.

MARRIAGES.

PENNEFATHER-BARKER — On Saturday, June 15, at St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, by the Rev. Father Coty, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh, Edith Anne Barker, youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., to Clarence Hubert Pennefather, youngest son of Mr. J. G. Pennefather, Toronto, late of

H. M. Customs, Chatham, COMBA-TAYLOR—At 12.30 noon, June 12, at 141 Dunn avenue, Toronto, by Rev. Mr. Hinks of Dunn avenue Methodist church, Lillie May Taylor, daughter of Mrs. A. W. Mackay, to Stuart R. Comba, both of Toronto.

DEATHS.

MURRAY—Toronto, June 14, 1907, Emily Frances Murray.

KANE—Toronto, June 12, 1907, John Kane.

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Coca-Cola

is what you want—don't let a smooth-tongued salesman rule your judgement. If the man insists go to a place where they give their customers what they ask for. Imitations are made to deceive you, not to please you.

THE REASON—Coca-Cola not only quenches thirst and pleases the palate but it relieves fatigue, and is the only beverage that has vim and go to it.

5c.—EVERYWHERE—5c.

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Its music sounds even better outdoors than in the house. You can have your own band concert or summer comic opera, grand opera, or vaudeville in the coolness of the summer night, without leaving your home.

When it is too warm to play the piano or other indoor instruments, the Phonograph is always available, and a child can operate it.

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"The Queen of Toilet preparations." **BEETHAM'S "Larola"** SOOTHING & REFRESHING. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (In England.)

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

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HOLDS FIRST PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF SUMMER VISITORS

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Craze of English Society **SISTERS**

TO BE SEEN IN THE MID-AIR BALLET ENTITLED "THE FLYING BUTTERFLIES" THE NOVELTY OF THE YEAR

Scenic Railway, Chute the Chutes, Cascades, House of Nonsense, Third Degree, Infant Incubator, Air Ship Tours, and a hundred other attractions. OPEN AFTERNOON AND EVENING. KING STREET EAST CARS LAND YOU AT ONTARIO'S PLAY-GROUND



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Fruit acids are cooling in summer.

Fresh fruit is all right *sometimes*—only all fruit is not fresh—and many stomachs don't take kindly to a fruit diet.

"Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice

"Montserrat" supplies the fruit acid in its most healthful form.

"Montserrat" is the pure juice of ripe West Indian limes—with all

the natural flavor of the fresh fruit.

It makes cold water more satisfying—makes ice water agree with you—makes the best limeade you ever tasted—and with ice, water and sugar, makes the most cooling of all summer drinks.

Grocers and druggists everywhere have "Montserrat."

"Montserrat" is the favorite for mixing with Drinks of all kinds—Wines—Spirituos Liquors or Mineral Waters.

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Ladies of Refinement

Always have a bottle of

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on their dresser.

Pure—Soothing—Healing—Dainty.
No Grease—No Injurious Chemicals.
All druggists—or direct

E. G. WEST & CO., - - - Toronto, Ont



Society at the Capital

WITH the arrival of the welcome summer weather for which we have been patiently waiting for weeks, the attention of the majority of our householders in the capital, is being directed to the knotty question of which of the many temporary summer resorts will be chosen for the next two or three months, and very soon the principal residential portions of the city will be almost deserted. The Gattineau district is still much in favor, and several families have already taken their departure for different points in that locality, with more following every day. Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmour, with their little son, are settled for the summer in a pretty little cottage at Chelsea; Mr. and Mrs. George MacLaren are at Wakefield; Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott will spend the hot weather as usual, at their pretty residence at Blue Sea Lake, for which lovely spot Mrs. Percy Sherwood and family, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Slater, Mr. J. A. Jackson and son, Mrs. Hiram Lee and Miss Jessie Lee, left on Saturday, to take up their summer quarters. Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefer and family also expect to occupy their attractive cottage at Blue Sea Lake for the hot weather and will go there early in July. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jarvis left on Saturday for Kirk's Ferry, where they have taken a summer cottage. Dr. and Mrs. Henri Ami will occupy Mr. T. Cameron Bates' cottage at Wakefield for July and August. Among some of the many who will summer at seaside resorts, and expect to leave town early in July are: Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin who have chosen Kennebunk Beach, as a cool and attractive spot; Mrs. Montizambert, who at present is in Quebec with her daughter, Mrs. Reginald Beckett, and will later go to Cacouna with the Misses Montizambert; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope and family who will spend two months at Lake St. Joseph, Que. Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bate who have again taken a house at Little Metis, and Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Audette, who left on Friday for Riviere du Loup. Mr. and Mrs. P. Chrysler and Miss Daisy Chrysler will also summer at Metis and will go there the first week in July. Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, with the eldest of their three little sons, left on Thursday for Montreal and sailed via the "Tunisienne" for England, where they will remain until September. Mr. Charles Elliot and family, Mrs. S. H. Fleming and children, and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. McGivern will occupy their summer cottage at Fernbank on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Dun Walters have been English guests of Lord and Lady Grey at Government House for a few days. Invitations have been sent out for a large garden party at Rideau Hall, at which their Excellencies will entertain on Tuesday, the 18th, when everyone will be glad to welcome Lady Grey and Lady Evelyn Grey on their return from their respective recent visits to England and Washington.

The social happenings of the week have been confined to a few teas, given for the most part for one or other of the visitors who came to town for the various weddings, and have been persuaded to prolong their stay. On Monday afternoon, Miss Gabrielle Larne, of Quebec, who is Miss Mary Fitzpatrick's guest, was the cause d'être of a jolly little tea given by Miss Lottie Fraser, who has recently returned to town after spending the winter in Arizona. Miss Irene Bate and Miss Dorothy White poured the tea and coffee, and a merry party of about twenty young girls were glad to meet the bright little visitor from the Ancient City.

Mrs. W. L. Scott on Wednesday afternoon gave a most delightful tea, which was arranged on the broad verandah, from where the lovely view was much appreciated by about twenty guests. It was given in special honor of several out-of-town guests: Miss Frances Sullivan, of Kingston, Miss Dormer, of Buffalo and Miss Loretta Scott, of New York. Miss Moylan and Miss Mary Scott did the arduous part of the afternoon's duties in serving ices and pouring tea.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Irwin, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin, to Capt. Alan Palmer, R.C.A., Kingston, and only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, of Cooper St., Ottawa, has been arranged to take place in the latter place in the latter part of next September.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, June 17, 1907.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

Charming Summer Dresses at Bargain Prices

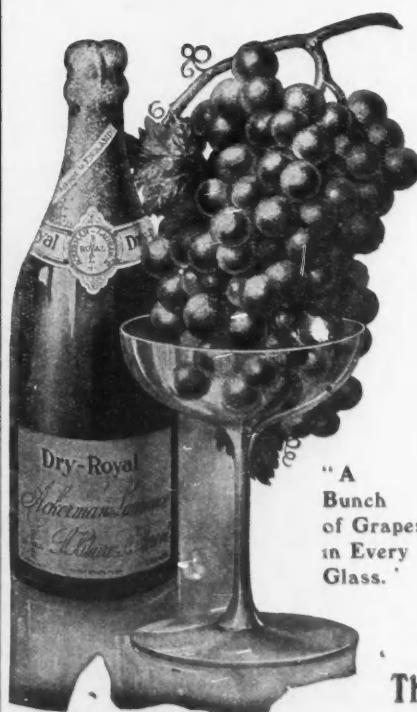
Lingerie Dresses . \$7.00, \$12.00, \$15.00
Silk Dresses \$15.00, \$18.50



One understands best the extraordinary character of our offerings of summer dresses after one has seen the styles and studied the making and the materials. The dresses of course are strictly new, all made this season for the trade, which demands smartness and exclusiveness of style. The lingerie models include some 50 or more clever ideas in sheer fine muslins and fine batistes, hand embroidered, lace trimmed and embroidery trimmed. The silk dresses, which by the way are made of guaranteed quality taffeta, are clever looking and dressy enough to be worn at smart social functions. Present prices are a full third and a half below the regular values.

Lingerie Dresses, \$7.00, values up to \$15.00
Lingerie Dresses, \$12.00, values up to \$20.00
Lingerie Dresses, \$15.00, values up to \$30.00
Silk Jumper Dresses, \$15.00, values up to \$22.50
Silk Shirt Waist Dresses, \$15.00, values up to \$25.00
Silk Shirt Waist Dresses, \$18.50, values up to \$30.00

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Ackerman's "Dry-Royal"

One of the Choicest, Sparkling Wines of France

will cost you just about one half of the so-called fashionable Wines and you will find it fully as good.

Lord Aberdeen, when he was Governor-General of Canada, used nearly 600 Cases at Government House during his four years' term of office. Whether for Health or Merriment you are getting full value for your money when you buy "DRY-ROYAL." Shipped by ACKERMAN-LAURANCE, ST. HILAIRE, ST. FLORENT, FRANCE.

ESTABLISHED 1811

The Finest Dinner Wine in the World!

To be had from MICHIE & CO., and other leading Wine and Spirit Merchants.
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, ESTABLISHED 1857. SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS.

Increase Your Foot Power

This Trade Mark on every pair



Put on by all shoe dealers got the pair

Dunlop "Comfort" Rubber Heels

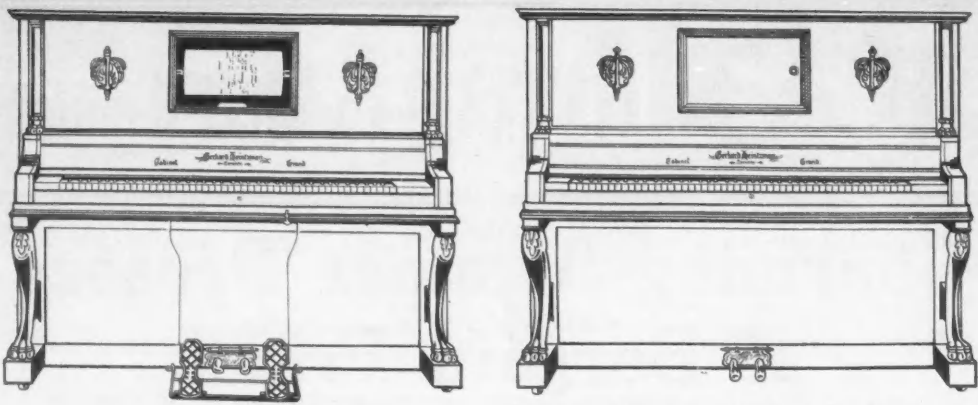


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Appearance of the Player Piano when the Pedals are put out of sight, which can be done instantaneously.

THE

Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano

The only high-grade self-playing Piano MADE IN CANADA. Here are some points of superiority in the Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano over other players sold in Toronto, but not made in Canada.

- Plays all the notes on Piano—88.
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- Automatic re-wind.
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To be able to secure a perfect self-playing mechanism in a Piano so well and favorably known as the Gerhard Heintzman will at once be appreciated by musical people.

YOUR PRESENT INSTRUMENT TAKEN AS PART PAYMENT.
WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

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Quaint Oriental Brassware for Wedding Gifts

Let your wedding present be creditable to yourself and acceptable to the bride. Nothing is more unique or more appreciated than a present selected for its unusualness and its artistic value. Our Oriental Brassware is particularly appropriate.

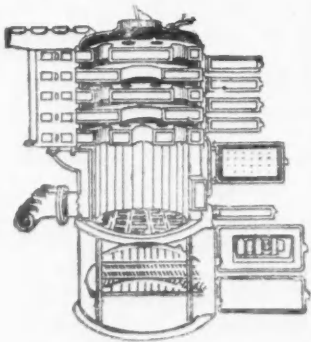
Russian, Damascus and Egyptian Hammered Brass Jar-dinieres; Tea Trays, Oriental Candlesticks, Lamp Shades and Candelabra. There are many handsome bits of curios, ornamental brasswork, in our collection which you are welcome to see. Prices range from \$2 to \$25.

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Simplified Heating

If you know how the Water-Front in a Kitchen Stove "Works" you understand the Idea of the

Sovereign Hot Water Boiler



The term "hot water boiler" appears to suggest to some people the idea of a complicated engineering apparatus.

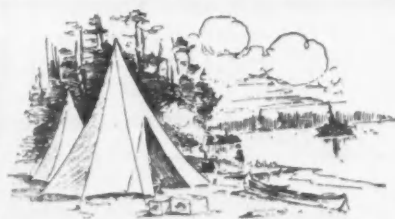
One short look into the principles and construction of the "Sovereign" boiler will show that it, at least, is as simple as the water front on a kitchen stove.

Simplified heating by "Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers and "Sovereign" Radiators. The "Sovereign" is the popular house warmer of to-day.

Taylor-Forbes Company

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For your holiday this year.

There are upwards of a score of beautiful trips of which we can furnish charts, and we also provide the supplies, provisions, tents and utensils—in fact, we provide for every requirement except personal effects.

The following little books on camping are useful:

Campers' Manual—120 pages—illustrated, 10c. Camping and Canoeing—150 pages—illustrated, describes 2 dozen trips in Ontario, 50c. Maps and Charts from 50c.

Michie & Co., Ltd.

Grocers and Dealers in Campers' Supplies. Established 1885. 7 King St. West.

There are three British peers, if not more, who belong to families who have for generations been settled in distant countries, and who have practically had nothing to do with Britain for many years. Indeed, some of these peers have never even set foot in England at all.

There is, for instance, the Earl of Seafield. Early in the last century the then earl emigrated to New Zealand and married there. His sons have never seen their father's native land. The family has remained, and to-day James Grant Ogilvie of New Zealand, 30 years of age, and also married, is the undoubted Earl of Seafield, though he never uses the title, but works hard with his hands to earn his living, just like any newcomer into the colony.

Then there is Baron Fairfax of Cameron, whose forefathers went out to Virginia long ago. The present lord was born in America in 1870, and certainly never used his rightful title, nor even visited England until he was well past 30.

Even more striking is the case of Baron Aylmer, who is a Canadian in every way, for both he and his father were born in Canada. Lord Aylmer is practically unknown in the United Kingdom.—M.A.P.

The wealth of many of the ancient Romans was reckoned far into the millions. Mark Antony during his somewhat checkered career squandered no less than seven hundred and thirty-five million dollars, and Tiberius left at his death over eighteen millions, which Caligula spent in less than a year. Records show that this spendthrift paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one supper.

Horace tells us that Pegellus, a singer, could in five days spend forty thousand dollars, and Clodius on a small wager swallowed a pearl worth nearly forty thousand dollars. The estate of Crassus was valued at eight million four hundred thousand dollars. Lucullus dined at the rate of eight thousand dollars a meal for several weeks. Lentulus was worth not less than sixteen millions, and Apicius squandered nearly five million dollars in a few weeks.—Philippine Gossip.

Russian Official—You can not stay in this country, sir.

Traveller—Then, of course, I will leave it.

Russian Official—Have you a permit to leave?

Traveller—No, sir.

Russian Official—Then I must tell you that you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do.—Tatler.

YACHTSMEN'S ATTENTION.

In fitting out for a cruise and making a list of supplies, above all things, do not omit a case of radnor water.

When in the middle of Lake Ontario, a bucket over the side will get you all the water you want, but if you are anchored in any harbor, you are lost without a really good mixer, and it is just in these places where the careful steward is blessed by the thirsty crew if he has a good supply of radnor water.

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Going to take a holiday this summer? You cannot afford to take chances on summer resort cigars. A box of fine Havanas, or a Briar Pipe and supply of good Tobacco, will help to make your vacation more enjoyable. For the best in smokers' goods go to
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LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

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